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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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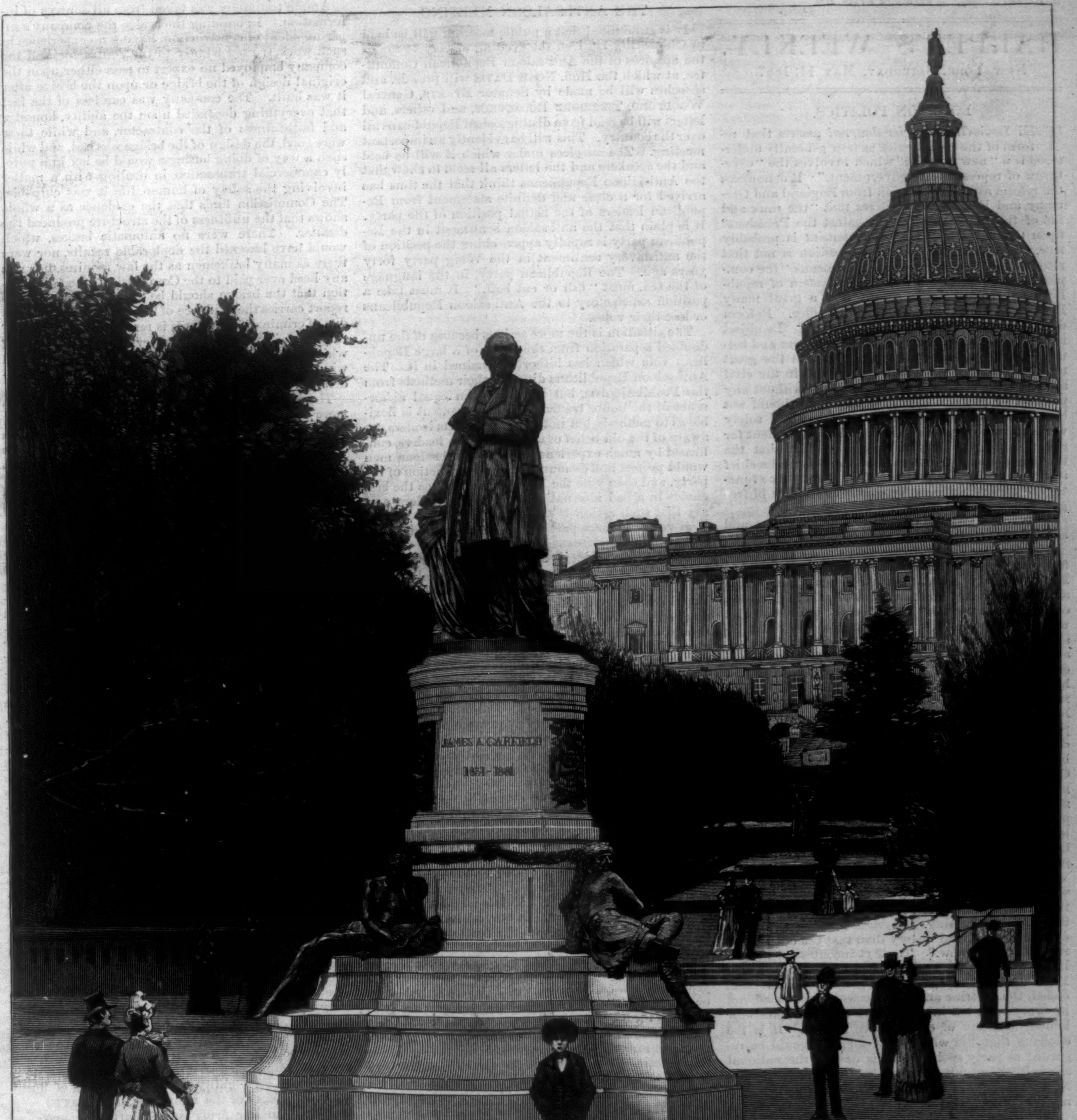


THE GARFIELD MONUMENT UNVEILED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., ON MAY 12, 1887.—J. Q. A. WARD, SCULPTOR; RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 344.]

"Its pages teem with what the children like in story, poem, and picture, and miscellaneous information of the best kind."—*Baptist Weekly.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for May 10 contains the first part of a story for boys, entitled "Perley's Speculations," by Mary Densel; *the eighteenth instalment of "The Colonel's Money"; and a humorous sketch called "The Turtle that Bije Caught," by* Isabel Freeland.

The principal illustrations are, "Crowning the May-Queen," by P. Newell, *and*

BLOWING SOAP-BUBBLES,

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

"The Largest Sunday-School in the World" is the title of an article on a notable mission school in Chicago. It is accompanied by three illustrations.

Other interesting articles are, "A Botanical Diary," by Lucy C. Lillie, *and "Topsy," by* Frederick Evans, Jun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 14, 1887.

BOURBON POLITICS.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* asserts that reform of the civil service as now generally understood is a "new doctrine" which involves the "overthrow of representative government." It denounces the reform as an importation from England and Germany and France, and declares that "the rank and file of the Democracy" are "against the President" upon this subject. This last statement is probably true. But the reason of this opposition is not that reform is a new doctrine, or that it means "the complete revolution of our democratic system of republican government," but simply that a great many Democrats want the emoluments of office. Reform does not threaten republican institutions. Its object is to preserve them and make them stronger and better. The doctrine of reform is this, that the great multitude of minor appointive positions in the civil service, being strictly business positions, without any political or partisan character whatever, should not be regarded as political, but should be filled solely with reference to proved fitness. The movement for reform springs from the undeniable fact that the treatment of such offices as partisan spoils is the chief source of political corruption, destroys the true function of parties in a republic, and is subversive of free government. Instead of being democratic, the spoils system is the last and odious relic of monarchy and aristocracy and favoritism in the republic.

The *Courier-Journal* says that the doctrine of reform is "new," and hostile to republican principles. Fifty years ago Mr. Calhoun, not less a Democratic authority than the *Courier-Journal*, said in Congress of the spoils system: "If you do not put it down, it will put you down." Washington said that he should require of applicants only ability, integrity, and fitness. "Beyond this nothing with me is necessary, or will be of any avail in my decision," and having found these qualities in an officer, he did not remove him for political reasons. Jefferson said he should remove officers who were improperly appointed, or who were unfit and incompetent; "that done, the only questions concerning a candidate shall be, is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?" Vacancies, as they occurred, Jefferson filled with Democrats as President Cleveland fills them. But there was no "clean sweep." The places were not treated as party prizes. "The tenure by which office under it [the government] was held" before the administration of Jackson, says Truman Smith, "was that of competency and good behavior. Very few removals were made even for cause, and all were reappointed at the expiration of their respective terms, with the same exception." The proof of all this is overwhelming. There is nothing more evident in our political history than that the doctrine of reform is not "new." The fact incontestably established is that in the national government to the year 1829, when John Quincy Adams's administration ended, the doctrine and practice were conformed, not in every case, but in general, to the principles now known as those of civil service reform. It is the doctrine that the whole civil service should be regarded as party spoils which is new in the national administration. It was familiar in New York, but New York politics were confessedly the most corrupt in the country.

The *Courier-Journal* says that the reformed method is an idea imported from England. In the sense alleged, this is not a fact. But representative government itself, trial by jury, every great defence and every great tradition of liberty in America, were derived from England. It is the genius and the force and the political principles of the English-speaking race that have made this country what it is. If reform in the civil service and a return to the original theory and practice of that service are to be accomplished, it must be in some way. The way must be a method that will strike the root of the enormous abuse that has developed and strengthened itself in our politics. The competitive test and probation are the most obvious, simple, and effective resources. They have been applied in England to baffle the mischiefs of mere personal patronage in the civil service. The result there, as Mr. Gladstone and the highest practical authorities agree, has been most satisfactory, and to reject an obvious and practicable method to obtain a desirable end in this country for the reason that it had been proved to be effective in England would be statesmanship worthy of Barataria, but not of Yankee common-sense. The endeavor of Democratic leaders to identify their party with the spoils system, just at the moment when the party has elected a President because of his hostility to that system, is an illustration of the incredible Bourbonism which so long produced a profound national distrust of everything that bore the party name.

THE ANTI-SALOON MEETING.

IT is announced that a public meeting will be held in Chickering Hall on the evening of May 24 under the auspices of the Anti-saloon Republican Committee, at which the Hon. Noah Davis will preside, and speeches will be made by Senator Evarts, General Woodford, Theodore Roosevelt, and others, and letters will be read from distinguished Republicans all over the country. This will be evidently an important meeting. The auspices under which it will be held and the speakers and the letters all seem to show that the Anti-saloon Republicans think that the time has arrived for a clear and definite statement from Republican leaders of the actual position of the party. It is plain that the anti-saloon sentiment in the Republican party is rapidly approaching the position of the antislavery sentiment in the Whig party forty years ago. The Republican party, in the language of the sea, must "fish or cut bait." It must take a position satisfactory to the Anti-saloon Republicans or lose their votes.

The situation is the more serious because of the undoubted separation from the party of a large Republican vote which has hitherto remained in it. The Anti-saloon Republicans differ in their methods from the Prohibitionists, but they have an equal abhorrence of the liquor traffic. Their movement is flexible as to methods, but not as to aims. Its leaders are aware of the old belief of the Republican leaders, confirmed by much experience, that the anti-saloon men would protest and denounce severely the action of the party, and then vote the Republican ticket as the best choice in a bad alternative. But those leaders now say that such action is past forever, that the anti-saloon voters in large part will no longer vote with the saloons for saloon candidates, and that they will be satisfied with nothing less than a position of hostility to the saloons so unequivocal that substantially every man pecuniarily interested in the traffic will leave the Republican party. If this position, which is undoubtedly that of some of the most influential leaders, should be maintained, the result would be very serious. The party is not in a situation to bear continuous secessions. The Mugwump defection is known. Mr. Conkling is not a Mugwump, but his late letter to the Pittsburgh meeting expresses his feeling that the party is in a state of suspended animation, and his view is undoubtedly shared by many of his old associates in this State, if not elsewhere. Many Prohibitionists have gone. If now the Anti-saloon Republicans should follow, it would be a very grave blow to the party.

The possibility of such an event illustrates the situation. It shows the disintegration that is going on, and the disposition of voters to concentrate upon questions in which they are earnestly interested. It reveals more distinctly the fact that the old party names do not represent issues which are real because the people feel them to be real. They stand for traditional or assumed issues. This is a situation which confounds all calculation. It may be, in the instance that we are considering, that the Anti-saloon leaders over-estimate the number and mistake the feeling of their associates. But if there be any strong feeling upon a public question, the experience of the last few years would seem to prove that it is upon the saloon or liquor question. The meeting in Chickering Hall deserves the careful attention of every student of public affairs and of every politician. Should its voice be vague, and leave the impression that the Anti-saloon Republicans will still support the party, whatever may be its course upon this subject, as, upon the whole, a better party than the Democratic, the meeting will show that the leaders of whom we speak are mistaken, and that even Anti-saloon Republicans regard the question of restriction as premature.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE BUSSEY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THE report of the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts upon the Bussey Bridge catastrophe is a model document. It is comprehensive, thorough, lucid, and decisive. It lays the responsibility where it evidently belongs, and its recommendations spring naturally from the facts disclosed by the investigation. The Boston and Providence Railroad Company, as we stated at the time of the accident, was deservedly of the highest reputation, for the Commission state that for eighteen years there had been no accident upon the road resulting in the loss of life, or even in serious injury to a passenger. This is a remarkable record for so important a road. But nevertheless the report is explicit and just, and after describing in detail several instances of flagrant neglect, even to disregard of express recommendations of the Board to assure greater safety, the Commissioners declare that had due care been taken the disaster would have been avoided, and they reaffirm the remark of their last annual report that "a preventable accident is a crime." This is plain speech, and a most serious accusation addressed to responsible and respected citizens. But it is justified by the facts submitted. There was evidently gross and unpardonable negligence, and the public has a right to the most unequivocal verdict.

Ample testimony was taken from all sources of information. In building the bridge the company's superintendent of construction, having no experience in such work, trusted wholly to the contractor, and the company employed no expert to pass either upon the original design of the bridge or upon the bridge after it was built. The company was careless of the fact that everything depended upon the ability, honesty, and faithfulness of the contractor, and while these were good, the design of the bridge was bad, and while such a way of doing business would be lax in a purely commercial transaction, in dealing with a matter involving the safety of human life it was culpable. The Commission finds that the evidence as a whole shows that the unfitness of the structure produced the disaster. There were no automatic brakes, which would have lessened the deplorable results, nor were there as many brakemen as the law requires, nor was any heed ever paid to the Commission's recommendation that the bridge should be tested properly. The report carries the evidence of its justice. Yet this verdict of criminal carelessness is rendered against one of the best railroads in the country, the management of which was the pride of the company, and had earned what the freedom from accident merited, the confidence of the community.

The report adds some wise suggestions. There are more than a thousand railroad bridges in the State. A proper constant or periodical examination of them is beyond the power of the Commission, with its various other duties, and it is now proved that it cannot be left to the self-interest or the discretion of the companies. The Commissioners therefore recommend the passage of a law requiring every railroad, at least once in two years, to have a thorough examination of all bridges on its lines made by a competent and experienced civil engineer, who shall report in writing to the corporation and to the Board of Railroad Commissioners the results of his examination, his conclusions, and recommendations. The Board is also to be authorized to employ a competent expert to examine such reports and make any further examination it may require. The report states also that the accident "furnishes another proof of the necessity of abolishing the deadly car stove," since nothing but the happy thought of a witness of the catastrophe, who sent an engine to the scene, prevented the additional horror of a fire. This is the situation of one of the best railroads in New England. What is the situation of railroads and bridges in New York and elsewhere? How often and how thoroughly and competently are bridges examined? There is always much to learn and to do. Who could have supposed the Spuyten Duyvel accident possible? The Massachusetts report is a public service, for it will certainly stimulate greater care everywhere.

THE APACHE SCOUTS.

THE late report of Mr. Herbert Welsh upon the Apache Indians at Fort Marion, in Florida, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Welsh is not only one of the most intelligent and experienced of witnesses in everything that concerns the Indians, but he cannot be suspected of any personal or sinister motive, nor of any mere maudlin or sentimental philanthropy. On the other hand, the prejudice against Indians is so strong that there is great impatience of any plea for their humane and just treatment, and a disposition to feel that the more rigorously they are treated the better. Mr. Welsh states in his report that of the eighty-two Apache men who are now imprisoned at Fort Marion not more than thirty have been guilty of any recent acts of hostility, while many of the remainder, like Chatto, were employed in our army as regularly commissioned scouts, first by General Crook and afterward by General Miles, to assist our soldiers in following and securing Geronimo and his hostile band. In Washington Chatto was kindly received. Secretary Lamar gave him a medal, and Mr. Lamar junior, testifies that since Chatto's return to the reservation in 1883 "he has lived peacefully with mankind, exerting a good influence over his people." Yet Chatto is one of the prisoners at Fort Marion.

There are others whose services are rewarded in the same way by imprisonment with the hostile Apaches, against whom they fought bravely and faithfully upon our side. Formerly, undoubtedly, these Indians were cruel and dangerous savages. But they are now and have long been allies whose fidelity has been proved, and the consequences of treating them as enemies are treated may be readily surmised. The reports of subordinate officers, captains, lieutenants, and others, to their superiors, carefully detailing the operations against the Apaches in 1885-6, are full of testimonies to the fidelity of the friendly Apache scouts. In looking over these reports we do not find any mention of them which is not favorable. At the end of last year, after the surrender of Geronimo and his chiefs, with their followers, General Crook, who had served eight years among the Indians in Arizona, submitted a report to the Adjutant-General reviewing the operations against the Apaches. In this report he asserts, "without reserve or qualification of any nature, that these Chiricahua [Apache] scouts, under Chiefs Chatto, Noche, and others, did most excellent service, and were of more value in hunting down and compelling the surrender of the renegades than all the troops engaged in operations against them combined." Captain Crawford's command, which, the Lieutenant-General says, except for his assassination by Mexicans, would have ended the cruel and bloody atrocities that continued for many months, was composed wholly of these scouts; and General Crook adds that the surrender of Geronimo to General Miles "was accomplished solely by the use, not only of scouts, but of Chiricahua [Apache] scouts." These are the men who are imprisoned in Fort Marion with the enemy whom they helped to subdue. Mr. Welsh has but done his duty in calling public attention to the subject.

Such treatment of friendly Indians is wrong, and therefore it is impolitic. "I am sure," says Burke, in speaking of the British treatment of our fathers—"I am sure the natural effect of fidelity, clemency, kindness, in governours, is peace, good-will, order, and esteem on the part of the governed. I would certainly at least give these fair principles a fair trial." Burke was not speaking of savages. But the experience of Generals Crook and Miles, and of other able and intelligent soldiers who know the Indians well, and who have served among and against them, confirms the wisdom of the great Irish statesman.

RAGS AND REPUTATIONS.

We have referred more than once to the subject of disinfection at this port as connected with charges of conspiracy involving the Health-officer and certain political intrigues. The question has at last been submitted to a jury, whose verdict is very significant. Messrs. Lockwood & McClintock two years ago imported a cargo of rags from Japan, which they alleged to have been detained to their loss. The rags were ordered to the warehouses of Bartlett & Co. to be disinfected by a patent process in which, as they alleged, the Health-officer was interested. This procedure they declare to have been unnecessary, the process itself worthless, the result injurious to the goods, and the payment mere extortion. This was substantially the case submitted to the jury, after evidence and argument, and the jury returned a verdict giving the importers $8000 damages, but they were unable to agree upon the question of the collusion of the Health-officer, who states that the jury stood 5 to 6 in his favor.

This is a most damaging result for the Health-officer. If his conduct had been correct throughout, the rags would have gone properly to Bartlett & Co., and the disinfection by their process would have been no ground of action. But a verdict against them is practically a verdict against him, and although it does not follow that his order in favor of Bartlett & Co. was part of a corrupt conspiracy, the testimony, and the evident feeling of the jury after hearing and weighing it, are very significant. The judge in charging said that the evidence of conspiracy was not satisfactory, and that was obviously the feeling of the jury, who, according to one of them, gave the Health-officer the benefit of the doubt. Enough, however, was shown upon the trial to prove what the verdict attests, that there is a great wrong to importers and a great deal of knavery involved in this patent disinfection, which is also complicated with political intrigue. The Health-officer's term expired long ago. The Governor nominated an unexceptionable successor, but the Senate, under the influence, as is believed, of Mr. Thomas Platt, one of the Quarantine Commissioners, who is also holding over, and whose successor the Senate has also refused to consider, has declined to act upon the nomination. The whole transaction is apparently a job in which certain Republican politicians are beneficiaries. It has now been investigated and argued. The question has been referred to an impartial jury, and the verdict is against the job and the jobbers.

The facts revealed in this case emphasize the great wrong which we pointed out last week of "hanging up" Executive nominations. The Senate of the State has signally abused its authority in this respect. The power of confirmation is not a power of "hanging up" nominations until time and elections bring about coincidence of political views between the Executive and the Senate; and in the political game which has been going on between the majority of the Senate and the Governor, the Senate has really lost; that is to say, it has professed to try to benefit its party by petty intrigue instead of prompt and fair constitutional action. If the Governor transcends his power, if he makes a nomination improperly, or an improper nomination, the Senate ought to interfere and frustrate his action. But when there is no such question, the Senate has no right for partisan reasons to refuse to act within a reasonable time upon his nominations. It is a hard saying for those who are amusingly called "practical politicians" to understand, but it is none the less true, that a party is benefited by acting for the public, not for the party. Messrs. Lockwood & McClintock, in refusing to acquiesce in what they held to be a gross swindle, and in forcing a full investigation and a decisive verdict, have greatly befriended the commercial interests at this port. The necessities of quarantine are a necessary annoyance and expense, but it is the duty of the public authorities to lighten them as much as is wisely practicable, not to multiply and aggravate them.

THE CASE OF MR. SHELLEY.

In the Weekly for April 30, 1887, we cited the case of Postmaster Shelley, of Kansas City, as an illustration of violation of the President's order in regard to office-holders. Mr. Shelley writes us as follows:

"United States Post-Office,
"Kansas City, Missouri, *May* 2, 1887.

"Dear Sir,—In your issue of April 30 you have seen fit to charge me with a violation of the President's restraining or warning order. I wish to deny the charge, and at the same time confess that the action and language imputed to me is substantially correct. I understand it is the President's desire that those in government employ should abstain from manipulation of party primaries, avoid all sympathy with machine methods, and in no case neglect duty for party service. In all these things I have given rigid adherence to what I supposed were his views. It is true that for many years I have attended Democratic primaries, and also State, county, and city conventions, as a delegate. I conceive that when a man ceases to have an interest in political meetings and conventions he is akin to the man who wilfully fails to register and vote, which dereliction of duty is not a crime under the statutes, but for which all tax-payers pay a penalty. I cannot believe the friends of true reform will agree with you that because a person holds a government office it carries with it an abridgment of patriotism, loss of interest in affairs, and finally a species of subduement nearly like that which you and your great paper worked a quarter of a century to wipe out. I may not *now* be willing to follow your guidance, but hope my service in another division of the grand army may help lead to the desire of all loyal Americans—a good government by and for the people.

"Very respectfully, George M. Shelley.

"To Hon. George William Curtis,
"Harper's Weekly, New York, N. Y."

The President's order said, "The influence of Federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of party primary meetings and nominating conventions." Mr. Shelley, being a Federal office-holder, states that he attended a nominating Convention, and concedes the correctness of the report that he took an active part in its proceedings. We can therefore only repeat our remark that if the report "be accurate," as Mr. Shelley admits, "it is clearly a case of violation of the warning to office-holders to avoid obtrusive partisanship, manipulation of party primary meetings and nominating conventions, and all dictation of party action."

Such a requirement is no more an interference with the patriotic rights of an American citizen holding office under the government than the constitutional prohibition of the acceptance of gifts by United States officers is an insinuation against their character. The President's circular was based upon a just feeling of official propriety. The fair and sensible rule for the political conduct of members of the civil service was never more happily stated than by Mr. Cleveland: "The quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." This abridges no man's patriotism, and subjects no office-holder to any kind of slavery.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND THE PARNELL LETTER.

The debate upon the Irish question has degenerated in the London *Times* into accusing the Irish leaders of lying and connivance at assassination. The last instance is the charge of the *Times* against Mr. Dillon, which Mr. Lewis, in moving that the House take notice of it, described as a "wholesale charge of lying." The course of the *Times* in this instance, as in regard to the Parnell letter, is not that of an antagonist who has made fatal accusations which he knows to be true. It published the alleged letter of Parnell. Mr. Parnell instantly and in the most solemn manner denounced it as a forgery. The *Times* had then only to produce its proof of the genuineness of the letter to crush Mr. Parnell completely and to discredit the Irish movement. But it has merely dared Mr. Parnell to attempt to prove that he did not write it in an action before a jury which could not but be bitterly hostile to him.

This is the course of a journal which is unable to sustain the charge which it has made, and the odium of which therefore recoils upon itself. Its silence does not prove, indeed, that it deliberately published a forged letter knowing it to be forged. But it justifies the belief, upon the most favorable construction, that its fury with the Irish leaders had destroyed the sound editorial judgment which alone gives weight to opinion, and that its injurious assertions of fact as against those leaders must hereafter await confirmation before they can be accepted.

The whole Irish controversy has now ceased to turn upon what may be called questions of political right or expediency. The entire nationalist movement is denounced by a very powerful national sentiment in England, in the words of a private letter just received in this country, as "a criminal and unjustifiable conspiracy"; or, as it is described by another correspondent, "an organization of the scoundrelism and blackguardism of the country preying upon all that is sound and honest, and compelling the adhesion of the poorer class by the grossest intimidation. The real League—the inner ring—sticks at nothing. By the fear of arson and murder it coerces one half of the population into submission to its dictation, and then uses it to carry out the boycotting of the other half." This is the faith and the feeling of the English majority, and it is this which has ruptured the Liberal party. It is no longer in this view a question of practical relief or remedy of abuses, but of the existence of organized civilized society. It is therefore incredible that if the *Times* were able to deal the anarchical conspiracy so tremendous a blow as proof of the authenticity of the Parnell letter, it should not do it, and all the more that the theory of mere savage conspiracy is imperilled by the failure to show the letter to be Parnell's.

GENEROUS PUBLIC GIFTS.

The generous gift of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt to the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been followed by the similar generosity of Judge Hilton, who has presented to the Museum Meissonier's famous "1807," or "Friedland," and Détaille's "The Defence of Champigny." Judge Horace Russell has also given the Piloty from the Stewart collection, "Thusnelda at the triumphant entry of Germanicus into Rome," and Mr. Seney has added other pictures to his recent gifts. This generosity secures to the Metropolitan Museum—that is, to the public—the most famous pictures of the Stewart collection, and it is a striking illustration of the disposition of the owners of great pictures to regard them as in a sense a trust for the public.

The high value and ready sale of fine pictures are shown by the recent sale, for $30,000, of Alma-Tadema's Greek picture immediately upon the opening of the present exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. The same thing is indicated by the prices affixed to some of the pictures in the present exhibition of our own National Academy—prices which in the earlier days of the Academy would have been regarded as "beyond the dreams of avarice." There is a certain "vogue" or fashion in all such preferences, but the value of the master-works of the old painters attests their permanent hold upon public taste.

With such treasures the Metropolitan Museum of Art is rapidly becoming an important gallery, and it is pleasant to be able to regard it not only as a collection of the great works of famous masters, but as a memorial of that generous public spirit which is rapidly becoming characteristic of rich men in America.

PERSONAL.

In a recent number of the Weekly it was stated that the Veterinary Department of the University of Pennsylvania was the only one of its kind attached to any college or university in the country. This is a mistake, inasmuch as in 1882 there was attached to Harvard University a School of Veterinary Medicine, for which special buildings were erected, and which is otherwise thoroughly equipped and maintained. Professor Charles Parker Lyman is Dean of the Faculty of Veterinary Medicine, and there is associated with him an able corps of instructors.

—Two architects were discussing the frequency of cases where persons die soon after moving into new houses which they have built for their use. Said one architect: "That such cases are frequent I believe. I have known three or four in my own practice. But the deaths are due to exposure during the erection of the houses, or to damp walls, or to waiting too long before deciding to build. Some men don't go to an architect until they are about ready to succumb to old age." The other replied: "I too have known a number of cases of persons dying just after they have settled themselves in their new houses, and sometimes I have thought that their fate is in accordance with Scripture. What is that passage about the man who tore down his barns and built greater, and whose soul was required of him that night?"

—Before presenting Meissonier's great picture, "Friedland—1807," to the Metropolitan Museum, ex-Judge Hilton explained that he had purchased the work at the auction sale in order that it might not be knocked down at a sacrifice, and also that it might go to the Museum as a souvenir of Mr. A. T. Stewart. It is now very advantageously hung, with suitable drapery, in the centre of the western wall of the inner western gallery.

—Mr. William Lee, of the well-known publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, Boston, has just passed the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the book trade. But one publishing house of note remains in Boston of those which were in existence when Mr. Lee joined the firm of Phillips & Sampson, under whose imprint was issued the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Lee's partners were connected with the house of John P. Jewett & Co., the publishers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but both the Phillips and the Jewett business were wound up before the partnership of Lee & Shepard was formed. Of Mr. Lee it can be confidently said that there is no member of the book trade more lovable or more beloved.

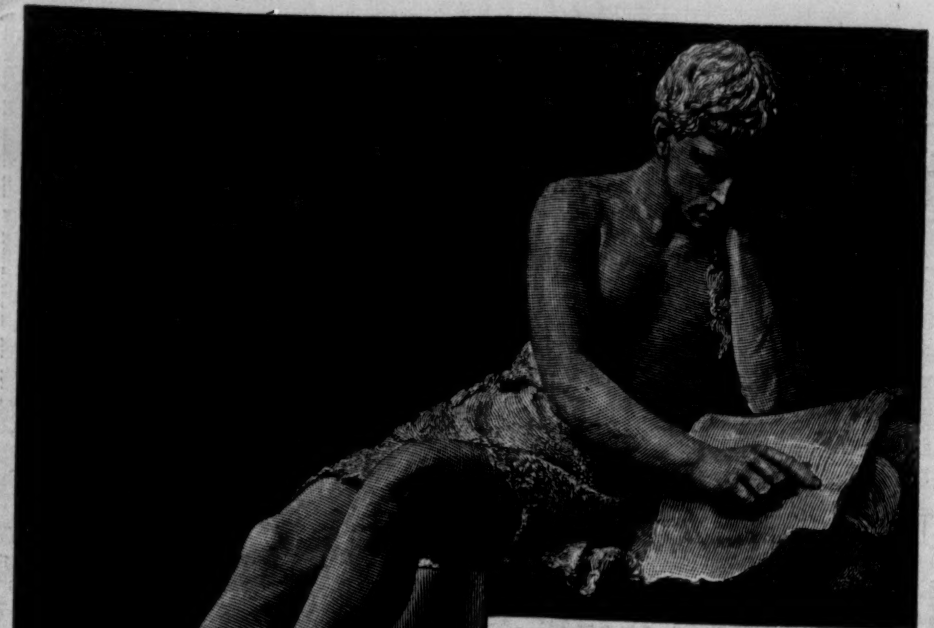
—Boston artists are celebrated for their *esprit de corps*. An architect recently finished a fine house. A few days afterward he was surprised to receive a letter from a brother architect of equal eminence, congratulating him on the work, and declaring it to be the most successful design of its kind in existence. The late Mr. H. H. Richardson was constantly performing services similarly fraternal, and it is said that he never knew the envy of a rival.

—Mr. A. S. Abell has been congratulated by the City Council of Baltimore on the approaching semi-centennial of his connection with the Baltimore *Sun* as publisher. No similar honor was ever so well earned.

—Thomas M. Wignall, who was for twenty-eight years commercial editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal*, resigned that position last week, a banquet in his honor being given by the proprietors of the paper as a testimonial of their esteem for an old and faithful employé.

—General Vallejo, who was in command of the Mexican forces in California just before the Americans took possession, recently visited the Riverside citizens' fair in southern California. He had not seen the place since fifty-six years ago, when he was at the head of a body of troops, and this flourishing colony was then a portion of a great cattle ranch. The land which used to be granted by the Spanish League to the favorites of Governors is now covered with orange groves, and is selling at $5000 an acre.

—Senator Leland Stanford has been inspecting his big vineyard at Vina, Tehama County, California. It is the largest vineyard in the world, having not less than 3500 acres planted in bearing vines, while the entire ranch comprises 30,000 acres. The vineyard is divided into five-hundred-acre tracts, and most of the labor is done by Chinese. Every year, until his son died, the Senator planted several hundred acres in vines, but since then he has made no enlargement of the place. The Vina estate is included in the trust fund for the maintenance of the Stanford University at Palo Alto.



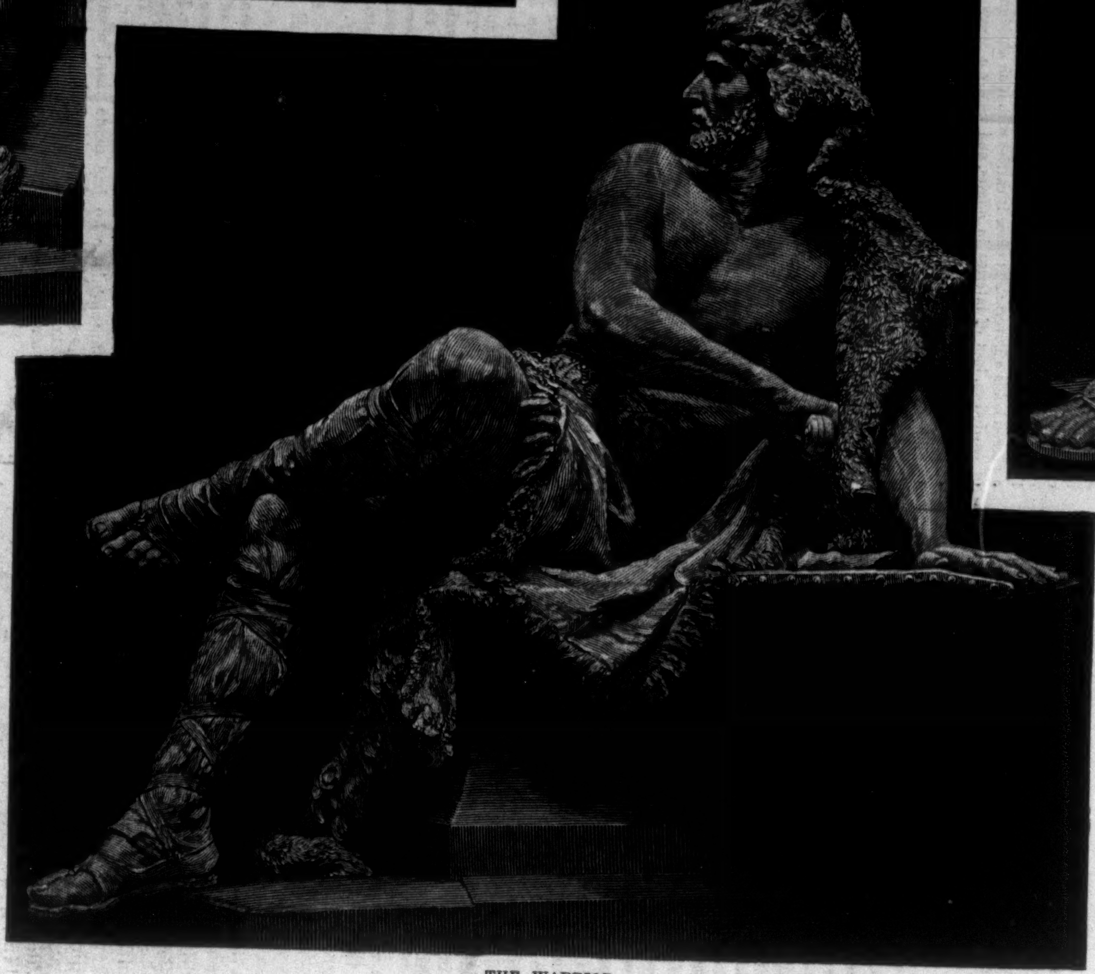
THE STUDENT.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

THE unveiling of a monument in Washington, D. C., recalls the excitement of **GARFIELD**'s assassination, second only to that of **LINCOLN**, and the long agony of **GARFIELD**'s dying—emotions which have grown singularly dim and distant ever since the passing away of **GRANT** by a yet more lingering death. The site for this new-comer among the statues to statesmen and warriors at Washington is opposite the western entrance to the Capitol park. It stands looking westward away from the Capitol over a part of the city rather humble in its way. Maryland Avenue is as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue, but the movement of the city has not favored this portion with fine buildings as it has the section through which the latter runs.

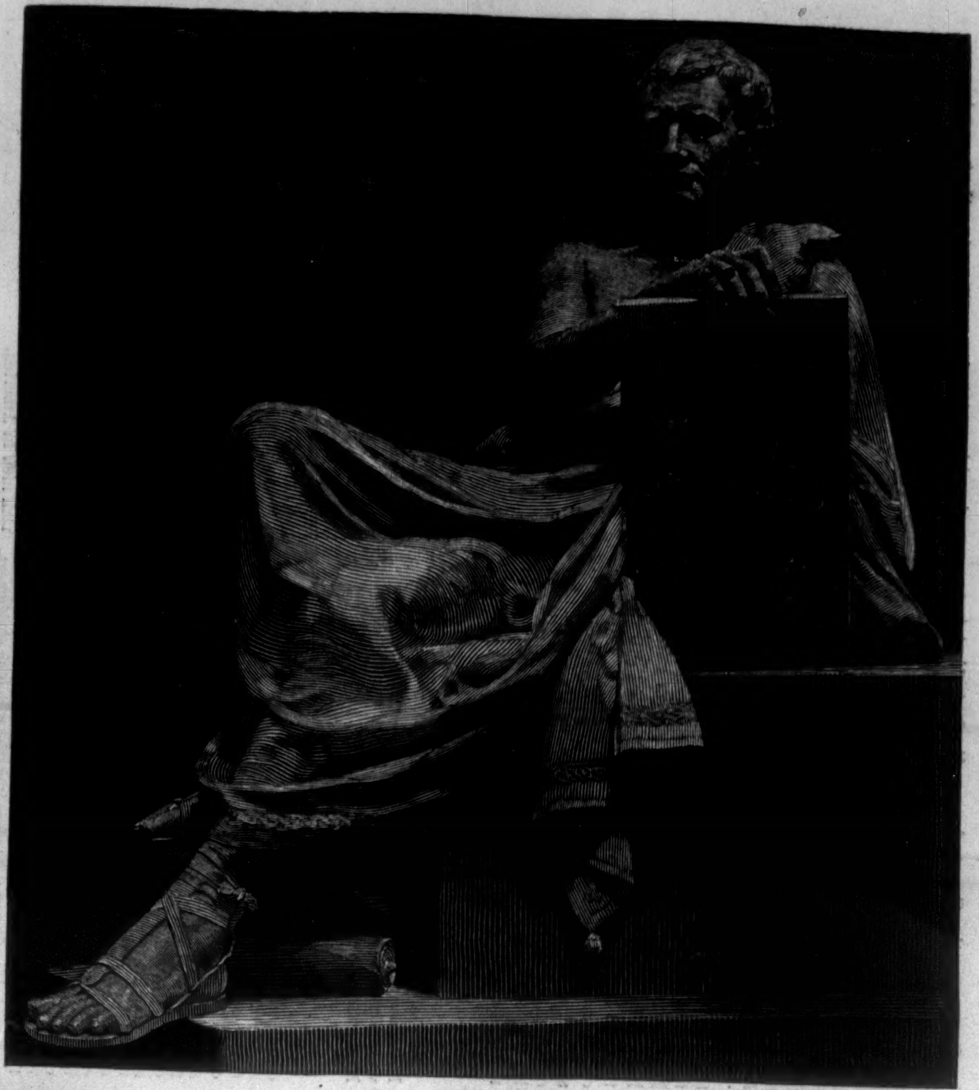
Six years have passed since a memorial to **GARFIELD** was mooted, and five since it was determined to remember him with something more than an ordinary statue. The government has given a site and $31,500, the Society of the Army of the Cumberland increased the fund to $65,000, and when it was decided to have four bronze statues, the government gave a number of cannon to be used in their casting. There have been discouragements and delays; but at last all are weathered, and the Society of the Cumberland have secured a beautiful memorial for their late comrade, while the artist has executed the largest and finest work of his life. The committee who now see their labors successful consisted of Messrs. **JAMES BARNETT**, **HENRY M. CIST**, **H. C. CORBIN**, **W. A. ROBINSON**, **J. C. SMITH**, **J. G. PARKHURST**, **ANSON G. MCCOOK**, **JOHN B. RUHM**, and **A. B. UNDERWOOD**, appointed in 1882 at a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. The first suggestion of a tribute to **GARFIELD** was made by General **R. D. MUSSEY**, of Washington, who in 1881 proposed a simple memorial stone in honor of the murdered President. Out of this suggestion has come the elaborate monument now unveiled in the presence of the President, General **SHERIDAN**, and the officers of the Society.

The sculptor, J. Q. A. **WARD**, a native of Ohio, was chosen by the Society, and has exerted his best powers to commemorate one of the heroes of that State. The monument takes the form of a bronze standing figure of **GARFIELD**, ten feet six inches high, on a circular pedestal eighteen feet in height, having three buttresses equidistant about it, and on these buttresses three bronze reclining figures of a student, a soldier, and a statesman. The drum of the pedestal, just below the statue of **GARFIELD**, carries on its southwestern round, "JAMES A. GARFIELD, 1831–1881"; on the south-eastern curve, "Major-General U. S. V., Member of Congress, Senator, and President of the United States of America"; and on the northern face, "Erected by his Comrades of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, May 12, 1887." The slightly larger round drum below this carries three tablets. One is for **GARFIELD** the student, showing a globe on a shield; another is for **GARFIELD** the soldier, with trumpet and sword; and the third alludes to statesmanship, with laurel wreath and scales of justice. The three symbolical figures recline in easy attitudes on the buttresses. They contribute very notably to the general effect, having been modelled with great care by Mr. **WARD**, who has hoped to make the monument the finest work of his life.



THE WARRIOR.

SYMBOLICAL FIGURES AT THE BASE OF THE GARFIELD MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE STATESMAN.

The Student is a graceful stripling, clad, like a young John the Baptist, in nothing but a loose sheep-skin. He leans a thin cheek on his left hand, and looking down, traces with the index finger of the right hand on a chart. The figure indicates **GARFIELD**'s early days of study up to the period of the civil war. The Soldier refers to his war record. It is a bearded man with a wolf-skin covering head and shoulders, a broad belt, and ancient *braccæ* bound with thongs, such as the Gauls and other barbarian races wore in old times, the feet being shod with sandals. He rouses up, propping himself on his left arm, and with the right seizes the handle of his sword. The legs are crossed, and the look is boldly forward. **GARFIELD**'s third period of life is represented by a middle-aged Roman, clad in a toga, wearing sandals, and holding upright on the buttress a plain slab with "Law, Justice, Prosperity," inscribed thereon. The face is said to have been modelled from that of Secretary **BAYARD**. Rolls such as served in classic times for books are under his feet, and he looks firmly out, neither upward nor downward. Thus, from whatever side one approaches the monument, a beautiful, a martial, or a dignified bronze figure is to be seen resting on one of the buttresses. Looped lines of oak leaves and acorns cast in bronze carry the decorative metal effect round the shaft, linking the figures together by a sort of background *motif*.

GARFIELD stands on a well-proportioned shaft of several drums, resting his right hand lightly on a draped octagonal pillar of convenient height, and holding against his left lower breast a pamphlet inscribed, "Statutes of the United States." The action is just subsequent to reading aloud, when the sentence can be finished from memory, and the book, for the moment useless, is lowered somewhat, and held against the breast, a little to the left. **GARFIELD** wears a light overcoat, and his trousers are very full, so that the lower leg is a mass of big folds or wrinkles. He looks upward in a lofty way, as if he were addressing the

[*Continued on page 347.*]

TO CALL HER MINE.*

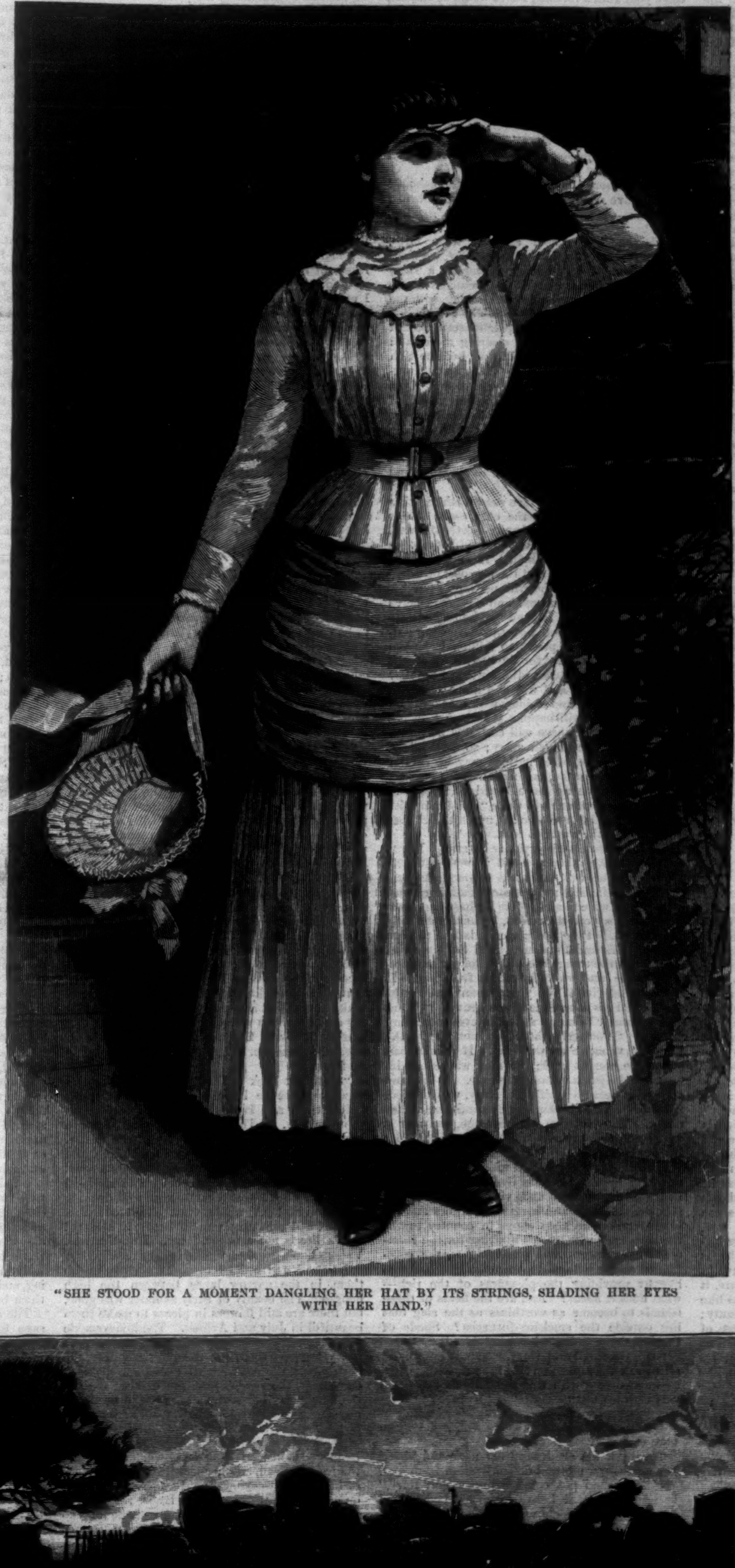
By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

CHALLACOMBE-BY-THE-MOOR.

WHEN Mary had given her uncle his tea, and cleared away the "things"—you will not think the worse of her when I tell you that she washed the cups and saucers—they were lovely cups and saucers, and almost priceless if Mary had but known—put them back upon the cabinet, and carried out the tray with her own hands—she left him to his papers and his pipe, took her hat and went into the porch, where she stood for a moment dangling her hat by its strings, shading her eyes with her hand, and taking a deep breath, as if to change the atmosphere of age, disease, and avarice in the parlor for the sweet fresh air of the mountains outside. The porch, which was covered with jasmine, now beginning to put forth its waxen blossoms, led into the garden, which in front of the house is only a narrow patch with a tall Norfolk pine. But at the side of the house it is a goodly garden planted with every kind of herb for the service and solace of man; stocked also with fruit trees, and having an orchard where the cider apples hang rosy red and golden yellow, yet sour enough to set the children's teeth on edge even unto the fourth and fifth generation. Beyond the low garden hedge stretched a great pasture-field, known as Great Camus, Little Camus being its neighbor. It lay quite across the ridge, here broad, on which the house was built, and sloped over into the valley below, where the Becky ran down its narrow gorge, hastening to keep its appointment with the Bovey beyond Riddy Rock. It is a quiet little stream in summer, and generally the water is so clear that you might as well fish in your bath as hope to entice the trout; in the spring, however, you would have heard it babble up here as it ran from bowlder to bowlder, under alder and willow and filbert tree, beneath the trailing arms of the bramble. You would have heard its roar as it leaped down the rocks of Becky Fall. Beyond the valley Mary gazed upon a huge lump of a hill, Blackdown, solid, round, and steep. In its side they have cut the new road; its line lies a clear and well-marked scar upon the green slope, until it is hidden among the deep woods of Becky. Above these woods there rose and floated in the still air a thin wreath of smoke, just to show that among the trees were houses and human companionship. For my own part I love not those wild and savage scenes where no hut or wreath of smoke speaks of brother man. Robinson Crusoe was of the same opinion. Above the woods and beyond the hill, three miles and more away, rose the two great pyramids of Hey Tor, standing out against the clear blue sky, which had not yet assumed the haze of evening. Everywhere hills; to the right of Hey Tor, but lower down, the tumbled rocks of Hound Tor, looking like the ruined walls and shattered fragments of some great mediæval castle; lower still, Hayne Down, with its rocks thrown carelessly like coals from a shovel down its steep face. They were the playthings of some infant giant in the days gone by; he built houses out of them, and then kicked them over, just as a child builds his houses of wooden bricks and knocks them down. One of his toy structures still remains; a pile of stones one above the other, making a pillar thirty feet high, which men call Bowman's Nose. There had been rain in the morning; the clouds had passed away, though they were still clinging to the trees and rolling along the sides of the valley below, as often happens at Challacombe after rain; the air was so clear that you could see the rocks of Hey Tor as plainly as if you stood beside them, and every change of curve in light and shadow on Blackdown across the valley.

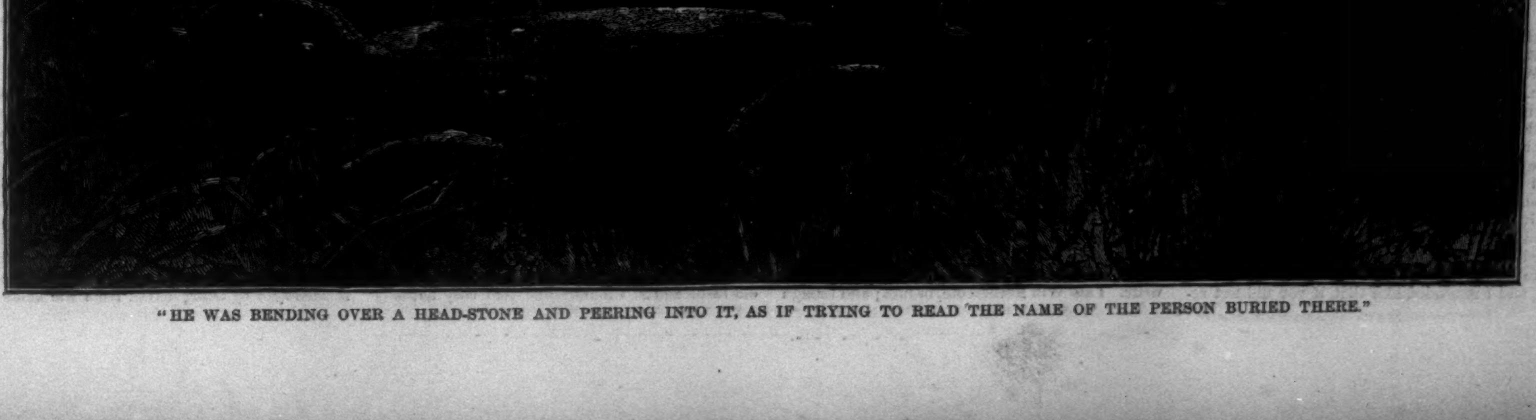


"SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT DANGLING HER HAT BY ITS STRINGS, SHADING HER EYES WITH HER HAND."

The birds in July are mostly silent, yet at Challacombe their song never wholly ceases all the year round. From the trees behind the house there was heard the song of the thrush; a robin whistled from the garden-croft; from a neighboring hedge Mary heard the shrill screech of the wren; somewhere was a jay chattering in his harsh voice; somewhere was a dove cooing; the swifts screamed high in the air, thinking of their nests on top of the church tower; and the chiff-chaff sang the merry notes which delight him all the summer long.

Mary saw this scene and heard these sounds every day of her life, yet she never tired of it; though she would have been unable to put into words the desire for the mountains which grows with the growth of those who live among them. Then, with a little flush upon her cheek and a brightening of her eye, she went out of the garden and to the back of the house, where she knew George Sidcote waited to take her to the choir practice, for 'twas Saturday evening.

Most houses, even in the country, put their best side to the front. Gratnor kept its best side at the back. There is no view, to be sure; but there is a babbling little stream about two feet broad which runs merrily among miniature cañons and gullies; a leet is taken from this stream by a little wooden canal to the great water-wheel which stands more than half hidden in its dark and mysterious recess; the canal is leaky, and the water trickles forever melodiously upon the stones below. The place looks like a clearance in the forest; but an old clearance, not one of those where the stumps stand dotted about the field. Beyond the stream the ground rises steeply. This is the slope of Oddy Tor, by some called Nympenhole and by others Viper Tor. It is clothed with thick woods, dark and impenetrable, which hide the moss-grown bowlders on the top. A gate opens to a lane which leads to the Green through the hamlet of Watercourt, past the little chapel, where the people who go to church in the morning gather in the evening, to hear what they consider a purer gospel—though less respectable. It is "served" from Chagford, where I think that the illustrious Mr. Perrott could tell you something about it. There is something pathetic in the way that country people go contentedly to church,



"HE WAS BENDING OVER A HEAD-STONE AND PEERING INTO IT, AS IF TRYING TO READ THE NAME OF THE PERSON BURIED THERE."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1584.

and listen to a gentleman and a scholar in the morning, and in the evening gather round one of their own folk, who speaks to them in the language they can understand, and out of the ideas which are in their own heads. The lane also passes the smithy, where Harry Rabjahns and his two 'prentices all day long blow the bellows and beat the anvil.

It was to the back of Gratnor that George Sidcote came to meet his sweetheart. He might have gone to the front had he chosen—the house was not closed to him—Daniel would have received him with such cordiality as he bestowed upon any. But it is not pleasant to call upon a man who refuses his consent to your marriage, and to whom you owe more money than you can pay. George therefore usually sat upon a tree—there were always the trunks of trees lying about—or, if it rained, took refuge in the linney, where he waited for Mary before they went together to the church to practise next day's hymns and chants.

CHAPTER V.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

The reason why farmers, gardeners, and cultivators of the soil generally are so fond of sitting down upon anything that offers, leaning against door-posts, hanging over gates, and in every way relieving the legs of their natural duties, is, I suppose, because they get up so early. If a man is crossing a meadow after rain, or a ploughed field after a thaw, at six in the morning, he finds comfort on a wagon-shaft at seven in the evening. It is not because he stands so much, but because he is standing so early. Shop-girls do not want to be always sitting when the shop is closed; they would rather be dancing; and policemen off duty are said to take their rest standing, for aught I know, on one leg, like the secretary-bird. George Sidcote, on this July evening, had been up since five, and he waited for his sweetheart, a brier-root between his lips, sitting on the shaft of a wagon under the linney, where it was shady and cool. When Mary came through the garden gate he rose slowly, partly because he was a Devonshire man and partly because if a man is over six feet in stature he naturally takes longer to get upon his feet than one of the short-legged brotherhood, who are jointed with India-rubber. Then he laid his pipe down upon the wagon, took both her hands in his, bent over her and kissed her gravely on the forehead, as if to seal her once more for his own. There was little of the sweet love language between these two; they belonged to each other; they were so well assured of the fact that there was no need to renew their vows any more than between a couple who have been married a dozen years.

"George!" said Mary, softly.

"Mary!" George whispered.

Some maidens would like more of the passion and rapture which finds vent in passionate and rapturous words—such as those employed by all poets, and by novelists in that line of business. Very few young persons even of the most dazzling beauty get this passion and rapture, simply because their lovers, however capable in other respects, are incapable of finding those words. Men therefore fall back upon the commonplaces of passion—mere "dear ducky" language—though their hearts be red hot, and though, in the language of the last century, they burn and melt and die. You may observe in the law reports, though many actions for breach of promise are tried, and many love-letters are read, the lover seldom indeed rises above the "dear ducky" level, except when he drops into verse, which is never original. George Sidcote, certainly, could not rise to these flights of articulated speech, nor would Mary have understood him had he made the attempt. She was satisfied to know that he was her lover. To have a lover or a sweetheart at all, my dear young ladies, ought to make you extremely proud, though never arrogant; and, really, to have such a comely lover as George Sidcote, yeoman, of Sidcote Farm, Challacombe, is perhaps the greatest gift that the fairies have in their power to bestow. As for his stature, it was over six feet; and as for his form, it was like Tom Bowling's—one of the manliest beauty; but Tom had the advantage, denied to George, of setting off that beauty with a greased pigtail as thick as a club. His face was steadfast, his cheek ruddy, his eyes clear and honest; but, like Mary's before her uncle had his dream, his eyes were troubled.

They sat down together on the wagon shaft, side by side, and George took up his pipe.

"I saw him this morning," he said, slowly—Mary knew very well who was meant by "him"—"and I told him what I told you the other day, my dear."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he knew it beforehand. He had calculated it all out on paper, and he was certain, he said, that this season would be the last. 'Very well,' he said, 'the law provides a remedy when the interest or the principal cannot be repaid. Of course,' he added, 'I am not going to lose my money.' That is what he said first, Mary."

"Oh! and what did he say next?"

"I told him that if he would give his consent, your fortune would nearly pay off the mortgage."

"What did he say then?"

"Well, Mary, then we had a little row—not much. He said that it was clear I only wanted your money, and he should never give his consent. I said that it was clear he meant to make any excuse to refuse his consent, in order to keep your money in his own hands."

"I am sorry, George," said Mary. "He told me nothing of this."

"It was not likely that he would tell you. He heard what I had to say in his dry way, and then asked me if there was anything more that I wished to say. Well, Mary, I was roused a bit by this, and I reminded him that, if you did not receive your aunt's fortune, David would be entitled to the money. Well, he was not the least put out. He only laughed—his laugh is the sort that makes other people cry—and said that you were a good girl, but silly, like most girls, and if you chose to throw away your fortune he was sorry for you, but he could not prevent it. Well, Mary, I came away. So that is done with; and this is the last year there will be one of the old stock in the old place."

"Courage, George," she said; "we will do something; we will go somewhere—somehow we will live and prosper yet."

"'Somewhere'!" he echoed, "and 'somehow'! Well, I have a pair of hands and a pair of broad shoulders—yes. But you, Mary, and my mother?"

"Courage," she said again: "have faith, George. Even if we have to go away, we shall be together. I was reading yesterday a story about settlers in Canada. It had pictures. There was the wooden house, and the clearing, with the forest all round; I thought it might be ours. I read how they worked, this pair of settlers, and how they gradually got on, clearing more land and increasing their stock till they became rich in everything except money. I thought of ourselves, George: we shall not want money if we can live on a farm of our own somewhere, and if we can work for ourselves. You are so strong and brave: you do not mind hard work; and—and—let us have faith, George. God is good. If we must go from here, we will go with cheerful hearts, and leave my poor uncle to his lands and wealth."

Thus, when Adam and Eve went forth together from their paradise into the cold world, it was the woman who admonished and exhorted the man.

In these latter days it hath pleased Providence in wisdom to afflict the British farmer with bad seasons and low prices, and the prospect of worse to follow; wherefore he will perhaps soon become a creature of the past, and the broad acres of Great Britain and Ireland will be turned into pheasant preserves and forest-land for the red-deer, let at fabulous prices to millionaires from the United States. As for the rustics, all except one in fifty will migrate to the towns, where they will seek for work and will find none, and then there will be riots and risings, with murders and robbery. What will happen after that I do not know, except that there will certainly be no recruits left for the British army; so that unless, as seems possible, other nations may be similar and similarly affected, our nation will presently go under, and be no more heard of, except in history; and some one will write "Britannia fuit" on a gigantic slab, and stick it up on the cliff at Dover for all the world to read.

George Sidcote's history may be guessed from his words. An inheritance of a small estate, a single farm, his own land, and the land that had been his forefathers'; the estate encumbered with a mortgage, which had become in these bad times harder to pay off than rent, because rent may be adjusted, but the five per cent. is like the law of the Medes and Persians. And the time had come when the struggle could no longer be maintained; the land would be taken from him. It is not wonderful if the young man looked sorrowful, and his countenance was heavy. "What does it mean?" George asked, in ever-increasing wonder. "Formerly there was nothing in the world so valuable as the land. If a man had money, he bought land; if a man wanted an investment, he put it out on mortgage. Is the land gone worthless? My father, Mary, was offered, if he would sell his land, three times the money that old Dan lent him on mortgage, and now it would not sell, at most, for more. What does it mean?"

Alas! This is a question which is asked daily, not only by farmers like George, but by deans and canons, rectors and vicars, colleges and schools, landlords and investors, widows and orphans, those who keep shops in country towns, the thousands who live by working for the farmers, the engineers and wheelwrights, the corn-factors and middle-men; nay, even by those who live by providing the pleasures of the rich—what does it mean? And are the fields of these islands to become as worthless as the slag that lies outside the smelting-furnaces? Shade of Cobden, deign to listen! What does it mean?

"Oh, George," said Mary, "does it help us at all to ask that question?" Indeed, George was as importunate with this difficulty as her uncle was with his lost money. "Let us face the trouble, whatever it is. You will let me go with you—I will not be a drag upon you—if it is only to take care of mother for you."

He threw his arm round her neck and kissed her again—an unusual demonstration from him.

"You would put courage into a cur, Mary," he said. "There! I have done what I could, and I have told your uncle my mind. Let us talk of something else. Oh, I forgot to say that Will has come down. We shall find him waiting for us at the church."

"Will? I am glad."

"He got away a week before he expected."

"He will cheer you up, George."

"Yes; he talks as if nothing mattered much and everything was a game. The Londoners have that way, I suppose. It is not our way."

They left the linney and the little brook, and walked away through the narrow lanes, holding each other by the hand like two children, as they had always done since they were children together, and George, who was three years older, led little Mary by the hand to keep her from falling.

This Will—I do not mean the will and testament of Mary's aunt—that George spoke of with irreverence was none other than myself, the person who narrates this true history of country life for your amusement and instruction. I am sure, at least, that it is fuller of instruction than most of the leading articles that I am allowed to write. I am Will Nethercote, in fact; and though of the same surname as Mary, and a Devonshire man by birth and descent, am no relation to Mary. I once endeavored, it is true, to remedy this accident, and proposed to establish a very close relationship indeed with that dear girl, but I was too late. My father was the Rector—you may see his monument in the church-yard—and when I left Oxford I found I had no vocation for the life of the country clergyman. Heavens! what a calm and holy life some men make of it! and how some do fret and worry because of its calmness and inactivity! Therefore I became a journalist. It is a profession which suits me well, and I suppose if I live another forty years and arrive at seventy I shall have written nine thousand more leading articles, and my countrymen will then be saturated with wisdom. And when I retire, no one will ever know the name of the man who led them upward to those higher levels of knowledge and philosophy. I did not wait for these young people in the church-yard. I walked down the lane to meet them.

I declare that my heart leaped up only to see that sweet fond girl walking with her lover, only to see the glow upon her cheeks and the soft light in her eyes. What says the foolish old song, "I'd crowns resign to call her mine"? Crowns, quotha! If I had earl's coronet, bishop's mitre, royal crown, or even a tiara, I would resign it with the greatest alacrity for such a prize. Happy lover! though to win his bride he must take her penniless, while he has to give up his own broad lands! Well, she was not for me. Mary greeted me with her usual kindness, bearing no resentment on account of that proposition of mine above referred to.

"And how is George behaving, Mary? And has the Dragon relented?"

"George always behaves well," she said. "But as for the Dragon—" She shook her head.

"See, now, Mary," I said, "I mean to put the case before a lawyer. I will do it directly I go back. In the will—I went to Somerset House on purpose to see it—your aunt leaves you £6000, to be paid to you on the day that you marry with your uncle's consent. If you marry without his consent it is to go to David. Well, David has gone away, no one knows where, and perhaps he is dead, or will never come back. Suppose you were to marry now without your uncle's consent, who is to have the money?"

"My uncle says it will be his own."

"We shall see to that. It is a case for a lawyer's advice. And I will get that advice directly I go back."

I did not consult a lawyer on the point, for a very good reason, as you shall hear. I suppose that as civilization advances such wills with conditions so absurd will cease to be made; or, if they are made, will be put into the hands of novelists for their purposes in treating of a world that has gone by. Girls who have money left to them will have it handed over when they come of age, with perfect liberty to marry as they please. Certain it is, considering the great interest which we all take in each other's affairs, there will not be wanting plenty of friends to give advice and information as to the character, reputation, and income of aspirants. I have sometimes thought that nobody ought, under any circumstances, to make any will at all, or after his death to do by his own provision and ordering any good or evil whatever. But I find this doctrine at present in advance of the world, and therefore it commands no favor.

"I am not back in Challacombe yet, Mary," I went on, because I knew the trouble that was before them and in their minds, and so I began to make talk. "This is only a dream. I am in Fleet Street. I am in the lobby of the House. I am writing a political leader at midnight, and just dreaming of Challacombe. It takes a week to get the streets and the papers out of my head—a whole week! what a curtailment and docking of a holiday! A whole week sliced out of a month! and then eleven months more of slavery! Man's life is not a vapor, Mary. I wish it was. Vapors don't grind at the mill every day."

I turned and walked toward the church with them, in the narrow lanes between the high hedges. The beauty of early summer was gone, but there are still flowers in plenty to make them beautiful in July and August. The honeysuckle was out; the blue scabious and the foxgloves are not yet gone; there are the pink centaury, the herb-robert, the red-robin, the campion, the meadow-sweet, the sheep's-bite, the ox-eyed daisies, the blackberry blossom, and the rowan berries—green, or greenish-yellow, as yet—old friends all, and friends of Mary's.

We talked of indifferent subjects, of what had happened since I last came down. One of the rustics was dead, another had nearly lost the use of his legs in the cold weather, and now hobbled on crutches—in these high lands rheumatism seizes on all the old and on many of the middle-aged, so that Moreton-Hampstead, the metropolis of the moor, seems on market-day like the native city of M. le Diable Boiteux; one or two village girls had been married; such a farm was still wanting a tenant, and so on. Pleasant to talk a little of the place where one was born, and of the people whom one has known from infancy; pleasant to be back once more among the hills and streams. But that subject of which we were all thinking—George's impending ruin—lay like a lump of lead on our hearts. And so we walked through the darkening lanes, our faces to the west, so that Mary's glowed in the golden light like an angel face in a painted window, and presently came to the church.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHOIR PRACTICE.

In the church the choir were already assembled, and were waiting for them. They are so old-fashioned at Challacombe that they actually suffer the maidens to sing in the choir with the boys and the men. 'Tis a Christian custom, though forbidden by some modern ecclesiastics; and why women still consent to go to churches where their sex is continually insulted by exclusion from the choir, as if they were really the unclean creatures of the monkish mind, I know not. Some day, when they understand the thing, and what it means, and what a deadly insult it is to Mother Eve and her daughters, there will be a revolt the like of which no Church has ever yet seen, and a schism compared with which all previous schisms will have been mere trifles. The choir of Challacombe consisted, therefore, of half a dozen boys and as many village maidens, with Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, for bass, and George Sidcote for tenor. There was a harmonium at the west end, and the choir sat in front of it. Formerly there were violins, a 'cello, and a clarionet; but these have fallen into disfavor of late years, and I know not where one may now go to hear the quaint old village church music, which had its points, of which a solemn and awe-inspiring droning and a mysterious rumbling were perhaps the chief.

As soon as we arrived, the practice began. They sang, right through, first the chants and then the hymns, both for morning and evening, so that the practice took an hour and more. The voices and the singing were as familiar to me as the rustling of the trees outside and the cackling of the geese upon the Green.

I sat in the porch and listened, watching the fading light in the windows, and the shadows falling along the aisles, while the voices of the choir, uplifted, rang out clear and true, and echoed around the walls of the empty church, and beat about among the rafters of the roof. It is an old church and a venerable, though they have now taken away the ancient, crumbling, and worm-eaten pews, which were, I dare say, ugly, and yet gave character to the church. With the old pews disappeared certain memories and associations. You could no longer picture, because you could no longer gaze upon them, how, in the old days, Grandfather Derges went round, cane in hand, to chastise the boys in the middle of the sermon; he did not take them out into the church-yard and there administer his whacking, but he whacked them in the very pews. Grandfather Derges has now retired from his function as sexton, though he still breathes these upper airs, and hobbles along the lanes upon his sticks. Great-Uncle Sam Derges, however, still carries round the plate on Sunday. The old pews are gone, and with them also the memories of the yeomen who sat in them, each family in its own place, from generation to generation. As the yeomen too are gone, and only tenant-farmers left, perhaps it is as well that the pews have gone. Something, however, is left of the old church. They have not taken down the ancient rood-screen, with its painted apostles in faded colors, on which, in the old days, I was wont to gaze with wonder and curiosity what time my father mildly read his discourse, which everybody heard with attention, and nobody heeded. Had the Rector possessed the lungs of Peter the Hermit and the persuasion of Bernard of Clairvaux, 'twould have been all the same, for the sermon to the rustic means nothing but a quarter of an hour of good behavior in the presence of his betters.

Presently it grew so dark that they lighted two or three candles on the harmonium, where they showed, amid the shadows of the aisles, like far-off glimmering stars. Among the voices I could clearly distinguish George's clear high tenor and Mary's soprano. They rose above the rest and seemed to sing each for each alone, and to fit the music by themselves, as if they wanted nothing but each other, and could together make sweet music all their lives.

Outside, the clouds had come up again and were now rolled over all the sky, so that the evening was strangely dark for the time of year, and there was a rumbling of summer thunder among the hills and in the combes, which echoed from side to side and ran down the valley slopes.

Then my thoughts left the choir and the singing, and wandered off to the subject which made them both so sad.

The situation was gloomy. How could I help, save to stand by and encourage to patience? George had already told me all. It was indeed what I fully expected to hear.

"I can no longer keep up the struggle," he said; "the land cannot pay the interest on the mortgage, even if I live as poorly as a laborer and work as hard. I have seen Daniel Leighan, and I have told him that this year must be the last. When the harvest is in, he may foreclose if he pleases. It is hard, Will; is it not?"

"Is there no hope, George?"

"None. Either the interest must be paid or the principal. Else—else"—he paused and sighed—"else there will be no more Sidcotes left in Challacombe."

"But if he would consent—"

"He will never consent. He would have to part with Mary's money if he did consent. He means to keep it in his own hands. We are tight in the old man's grip. He will foreclose; then he will have Sidcote, as he got Berry Down and Foxworthy, and he will keep Mary's fortune."

"What will you do, George?"

"I shall emigrate to some place, if there is any place left, where a man can till the land and live upon it. Will, is there some dreadful curse upon this country for our sins that the land can no longer be cultivated because it will not even keep the pair of hands which dig it and plough it?"

"I know nothing about our sins, old man: that department never furnishes the theme for a leader. But there are certain economic forces at work—which is the scientific way in which we put a thing when we don't see our way about—economic forces, George, by which the agricultural interests of the country are being ruined and its best blood is destroyed by being driven from the fields into the towns. Our sins may have been the cause; but I don't think so, George, or else you would have been spared. Now economic forces—confound them!—act on saint and sinner alike."

"I work like the farm-laborer that I am. There is nothing I do not try to save and spare; but it is in vain. The land will no longer bear the interest."

"What does Mary say?"

"She will go with me. Whatever happens, she will be happier with me than here—alone."

"Right, dear lad. Where should she be but with you?"

"We will marry without his consent. Then he will be unmolested in her fortune and my farm. I dare say there will be a hundred or two left after the smash. Poor girl!—and I thought we should have been so happy in the old place. Poor Mary!"

Here was enough for a man to think about in the porch! What could I do? How could I help? Was there any hope of bending the will of a stubborn, avaricious old man by pleading and entreaty? Could I pay off the mortgage? Why, I had no more money than any young journalist just beginning to make an income may be expected to have. At the most, I might find a few hundreds to lend. But Challacombe without Mary! Sidcote without George!—then there would be no more beauty in the woods, no more sunshine on the slopes, no more gladness on the breezy tors! And the past came back to me—the past which always seems so tender and so full of joy: I saw again the two boys and the girl playing together, rambling over the downs, climbing together the granite rocks, reading together—always together. How would Challacombe continue to exist unless two out of those three remained together?

The black clouds hanging low made the evening so dark that outside the porch one could see nothing. But the lightning began to play about, and lit up the gravestones with sudden gleams. Presently, looking out into the blackness, I discovered in one of these flashes a man in the church-yard walking about among the graves. This was a strange thing to see—a man walking among the graves after dark. I waited for the next flash of lightning. When it came, I saw the man quite clearly; he was bending over a head-stone, and peering into it, as if trying to read the name of the person buried there. There is something uncanny about a man in a quiet village church-yard choosing a night darkened with thunder-clouds for the perusal of tombstones. One thinks of a certain one who lived among the tombs, and he was a demoniac.

Then the man left the grass, probably because he could no longer read any of the names, and began to walk along the gravel-walk toward the porch; perhaps because he saw the lights and heard the singing. You know how sometimes, when the air is full of electricity, one shivers and trembles and hears things as in a dream? Well, I seemed to recognize this man's footstep, though I could not tell to whom it belonged, and I shivered as if with prescience of coming trouble.

Whoever the man was, he stood at the entrance of the porch and looked about him in a hesitating, doubtful way. The choir were just beginning the last of their hymns:

> "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
> Lead thou me on."

"That's the voice of George Sidcote," said the stranger, aloud, and addressing himself, not me. "He always sang the tenor. I remember his voice well; and that's the voice of Mary Nethercote: I remember her voice, too. That's Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, singing bass: a very good bass he always sang. Ay; they are all there—they are all there."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you to know all the people?"

A sudden flash of lightning showed me a ragged man with a great beard, whom I knew not by sight.

"I know you too. I didn't see you at first. You are Will Nethercote." His voice was hoarse and husky. "You are the son of the Rector. I remember you very well."

"I am; but the Rector is dead; and who are you?"

"Before I go on," he said—"before I go on," he repeated these words as if they had some peculiar significance to him, "I thought I would come here first and see his grave—*his* grave—the place where they laid him; and I thought I would read what they wrote over him—how he died, you know—just out of curiosity, and for something to remember."

"Laid whom?" The man, then, was, like that other, doubtless a demoniac.

"I should like to think that I had seen—actually seen—his grave," he went on. "But the night has turned dark, and I can't read the names, and haven't got a match upon me. Will you tell me where they've laid him?"

"Laid whom, man? Who are you looking for?"

"I am looking for the head-stone of Daniel Leighan."

"Daniel Leighan?"

"Old Dan, they used to call him. Who died six years ago, or thereabouts."

"You mean Mr. Leighan of Gratnor?"

"The same, the same! I suppose Mary Nethercote got Gratnor when he died. They always said that he would leave her all he had, Gratnor Farm and Foxworthy and Berry Down. Oh, she'd be rich with all those lands."

"Who told you that Daniel Leighan was dead."

"I saw it," he replied, hesitating—"I saw it in the papers. There was some talk about it at the time, I believe. A—a—a coroner's inquest, I was told; but I never heard the verdict. Perhaps you remember the verdict, Will Nethercote, and would kindly tell me? I am—yes—I am curious to hear what the verdict of the jury was—"

"You are strangely misinformed. Daniel Leighan is not dead."

"There is only one old Dan Leighan, and he is dead," returned the strange man.

"I tell you that old Dan Leighan is still living. He is paralyzed in his legs, if you call that dead; but if you have business with him you will find that he is very much alive, as much alive as you."

"Not dead?" The man reeled and caught at the pillars of the porch. "Not dead? Do you know what you are saying?"

"No more dead than you."

"Oh!" he groaned, "this is a trick you are playing. What do you play tricks for? He is dead and buried long since."

"I think you must be mad, whoever you are. I tell you that Daniel Leighan is alive, and now in his chair at home, where you may find him to-night if you please to look for him."

"Not dead! not dead!" By the frequent flashes of the lightning I had now made out that he was a very rough-looking man, in very ragged and tattered dress, looking like a laboring man but for his beard, which was much larger and fuller than an English laborer ever wears. "Not dead—can it be? Then I've had all the trouble for nothing—all the trouble for nothing. Not dead?" He kept on saying this over and over again, as if the wonder of the thing was altogether too much for him.

"What do you mean," I asked, "by your rubbish about an inquest and a verdict? What inquest should there be? And what do you mean by saying that you saw it in the papers?"

"Not dead? Then how should his ghost walk if he is not dead? Are you sure that Daniel Leighan—old Dan—is alive this day—the same old Dan?"

"I suppose it is the same old Dan. There has never been any other old Dan that I know of."

"It can't be the same. It must be the devil."

"That is possible, and now you mention it, I think he may be, and very likely is, the devil. But I wouldn't say so openly if I were you."

"Not dead!"

He turned and walked slowly away. I heard him stepping over the stile, and then the sound of his footsteps ceased, as if he was walking over the village green, which, in fact, was the case.

The voices of the choir ceased; the candles were extinguished; and the singers came out. We two men walked home with Mary. There was no air in the lanes; the night was hot and sultry, and the lightning flashed incessantly. I told them on the way my little adventure with the strange man peering about among the tombs.

"It was like a bit of some old German story," I said. "I don't know why a German story, but when there is lightning with darkness, gravestones and a mysterious figure, one thinks of Germany somehow. I thought he was the spectre of some dead-and-gone villager come back in his old clothes—gone ragged, you know, in his wanderings about the other world—to take a walk round the church-yard among his friends; a strange thing to be prowling among the tombs to read the name of a man still living."

"Who could he be?" asked Mary.

"I thought I knew his footstep, but I did not know his voice. I cannot tell who it was. He knew your voice, Mary; and yours, George; and Harry, the blacksmith's— Good heavens!"—for here my memory of the man came back suddenly with one of the lightning flashes—good heavens! how did I come not to recognize him at once? Mary, it was!—how could I have forgotten? Why, the thing may change your whole future."

"Will, what do you mean?"

"Your whole future, Mary. Your uncle refuses his consent because he thinks that David is dead: well, then, *David is alive!* For the man who prowled among the tombs and wanted to see your uncle's head-stone was no other than David Leighan himself—come home again in rags."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

[*Continued from page* 344.]

Senate on some topic of national importance. When seen from the Maryland Avenue approach, with the Capitol as a background, it will go hard with the statue if the stranger in Washington is not attracted by the bearded face lifted so intelligently in grave speech, and fails to ask who the man is commemorated by that pile. There is an air of quiet determination about the figure which speaks well for the sculptor's taste, while the position of the legs of the three symbolical statues on the lower plane, especialy those of the Student and Soldier, give movement to a monument which otherwise would be remarkable for repose. These bronzes are larger than life, being eight feet high, and the Student is said to resemble **Garfield** when young.

Leaving the other periods to the subsidiary figures, the sculptor has considered **Garfield** himself in his political rather than his military capacity, notwithstanding the fact that the military society of which he was a member has had most to do with the erection of the memorial. It is true that **Garfield** won his Major-General's epaulets with the Army of the Cumberland, ceasing his connection after the battle of Chickamauga; but his real eminence was in Congress, and what endeared him most to the country was the (in a certain sense) fortunate mishap of falling under the bullet of a half-mad assassin. As Senator and President is he remembered. Mr. **Ward** has done well not to depict him in military dress, but as he might stand on the floor of the Senate, arguing firmly, but not with brilliant speech, in favor of the right, or in a court of law conducting a case.

Mr. **Ward**'s monument is remarkable for its repose and the beauty of its component parts; the composition is fairly original. Perhaps it may not be found in general outlines instinct with the attributes of the highest forms of the fine arts. But it is a fine monument, on the whole; it does represent fairly the sterling traits of the Ohio canal-boat man, the ambitious and studious scholar, zealous volunteer officer, and worthy Chief Magistrate of the Union.

YACHT-CLUB HOUSES.

A club-house and an anchorage for its vessels are as necessary and important for a yacht club as are its yachts; in fact, if it has not the first two adjuncts, the strong probability is that it will not have many yachts. It is true that for several years the New York, the principal yacht club in this country, has managed to get along, and has been measurably successful, without any club anchorage, and without a house near the water; but the New York club has lived upon its past record mainly, and it has had a house in the city where it has the largest collection of yacht models that is to be found in the world. A representation of this model-room is given in our illustration. There may also be found here all the current yachting literature from all parts of the world. The club-house has also a large billiard-room and several comfortable sitting-rooms. These accommodations, and the fact that the New York club is and always has been the principal yachting organization of the country, has kept its membership full, despite the fact that its yacht owners have been obliged perforce to join the Atlantic or Larchmont clubs in order to be provided with accommodation which the parent club should have afforded them.

The finest yacht-club house in the United States is that of the Eastern Club, on Marblehead Neck, and the possession of so commodious a head-quarters, with sheltered anchorage in front of it in Marblehead Harbor, has tended materially to make this the principal yachting organization of the New England States. Its yacht owners are very generally members also of the New York Yacht Club, the connection between the two clubs being very intimate.

Before the Atlantic Yacht Club secured its present admirable location it had its head-quarters upon an old canal-boat, which it fitted up and had moored at the foot of Court Street, Brooklyn. When the encroachments of commerce forced the club to seek an anchorage farther down the bay, a few of its prominent members organized the Atlantic Harbor Association, purchased the present house and grounds, constructed the basin in front of the house, and from this association the club hires its quarters at a merely nominal rental. This arrangement was thought at the time to be the best, and it has been found to work well. The only mistake made was that the basin was not extended to the extreme limit permitted by law. The first cost would have been much greater, but the increased accommodation for yachts of the largest size has been much needed, and would have amply repaid the cost. As it is, the water is so scant that large yachts of the club have to find other berths when they lie up for the winter.

The Larchmont Club has for the past two years had a fine club-house at Larchmont Manor, with a tolerably good anchorage in front of it. The club will occupy this for one year longer, and will then move into a splendid property which it has just purchased for $100,000. Unlike the Atlantic, the Larchmont Club has purchased the property outright, paying for it by an issue of club bonds, all of which have been taken by club members. When it is enabled to take possession of its new property, it will have club-house accommodations superior to any in the United States. Its past growth has been due almost entirely to its fine house accommodations, and its limit of four hundred membership was long ago reached. When it determined to purchase this property it extended the limit to five hundred, and this number will, it is thought, be reached during the present season.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht-club House was first erected at Stapleton, Staten Island, on a plan similar to the Atlantic Harbor Association, an anchorage company having been formed, from which the club hired. The plan did not, however, work as well in this case as it has in the other. A schism occurred in the club, and the principal men of the Anchor Company seceded, and organized what is now the Corinthian Club. The house had previously been moved to its present location at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club has no house on the bay. It has, however, recently taken a house in the city, where it proposes to have a collection of models that will in time equal that of the New York club.

The New Haven Yacht Club built its present house a couple of years ago, and has been very prosperous since.

The Jersey City Yacht Club is one of the oldest yachting organizations in the country. It built its present house on Communipaw Bay some six or seven years ago, and has had to enlarge it from time to time, the rapid growth of the club rendering this necessary. It is a comfortable structure, with lockers for owners on the ground-floor and a commodious meeting-room above.

The house of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club at Port Morris is too small for the needs of the club, and could it only secure the land, it would at once erect a structure equal to any in the country. The present house was erected by the old Harlem Yacht Club, of which Mr. **Harry Genet**, "Prince **Hal**," as he was called, was a leading spirit in the days of the **Tweed** régime.

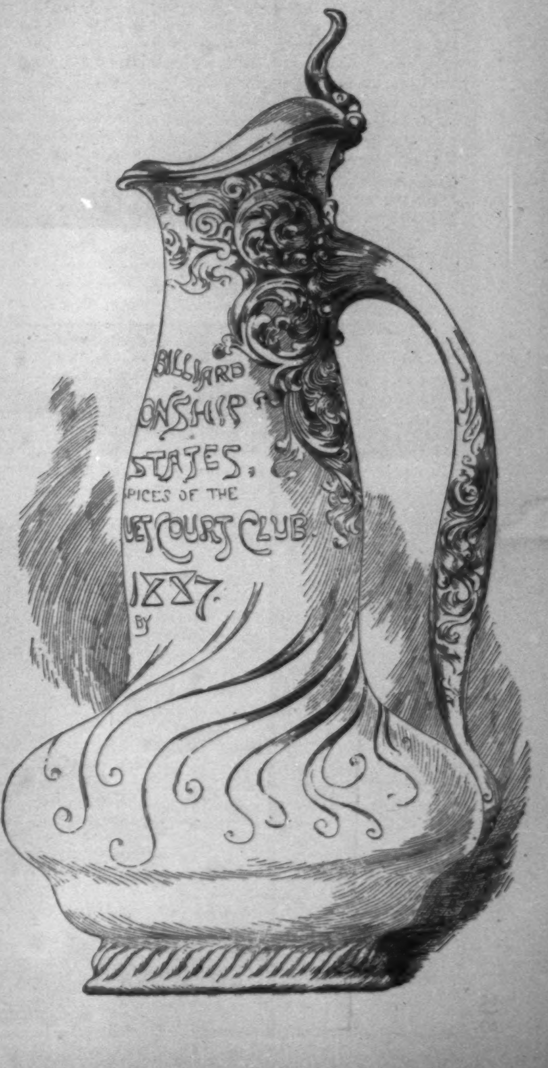
AN AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

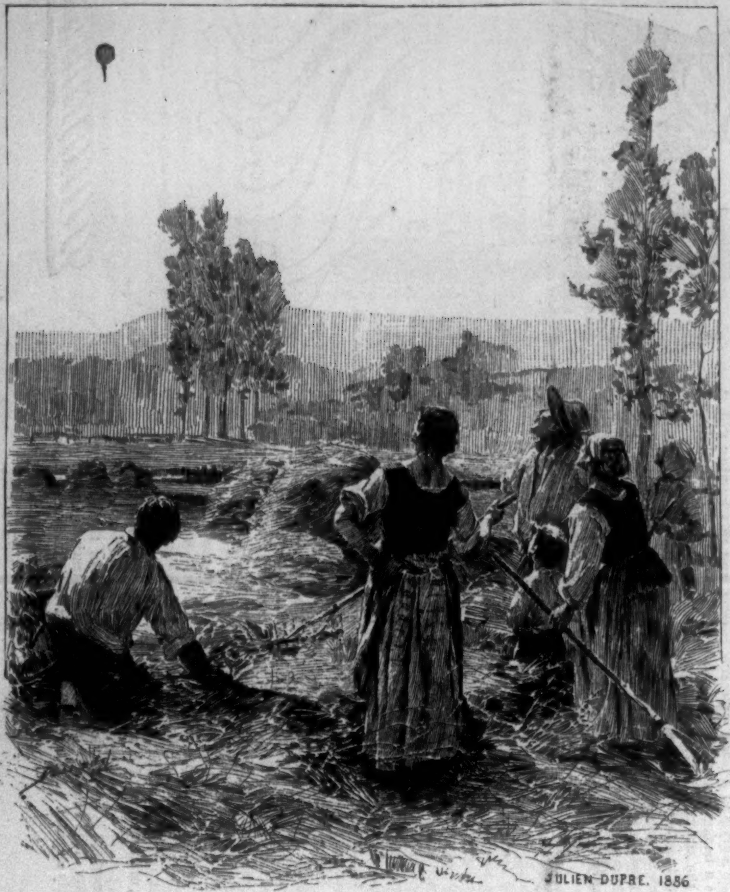
An enhanced interest in the game of billiards should result from the annual championship contests for amateurs which have been established by the Racquet-Court Club of this city. The first of these tournaments will begin on the 23d inst. A $500 Cup, of which a picture is given below, will be the prize. This is the first championship of its kind that has ever been established. It is believed that it will be of great service in improving the standard of play among the run of amateurs. There are a few brilliant players at present outside of the professional limits the excellence of whose work is such that they can hardly be said, perhaps, to need encouragement; but undoubtedly the average amateur is a person of unduly low capacity. This is shown by his inclination to use four balls, and by his leaning to the game of pool, whose quick and comparatively unskilful results have strong attractions for him.

The conditions of the newly established championship are that it shall be played on a five-by-ten table, and that the games shall be each three hundred points up, except the last, which shall be five hundred. If the number of contestants is not over-large, each will play against each, but in case of a very large number of entries the players will be drawn by lot in pairs, and the losers will retire each after his first defeat.

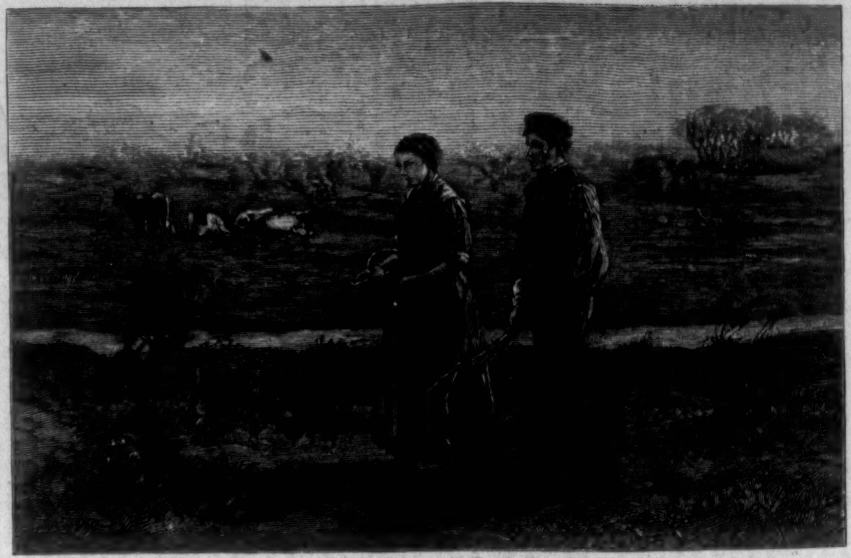
The committee having charge of the championship tournament consists of Messrs. **A. Wright Sanford**, **Walter Stanton**, **Amory G. Hodges**, **A. P. Montant**, **Y. Martinez**, and **Isaac Townsend**. The committee announces that the intention of the Racquet Club is to make the tournament a contest exclusively for amateurs of undoubted standing, and that with that end in view the committee will reserve the right to reject any entry. It is the intention to continue the contests from year to year, and the projectors of the championship series believe that it will have the effect to bring about an international meeting at some not very distant time.

The scheme has been the means of affording a definition of the amateur player which is likely to be accepted throughout the country. It has already been adopted by the prominent clubs of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, and bids fair, on account of its satisfactory nature, to become universally adopted. The leading professional players of the country look with favor upon the establishment of the new championship, and many of them have expressed the opinion that it will go a long way to stimulate and elevate the standard of the game. The committee wish it to be distinctly understood that the Cup which is offered as a prize is to be the absolute property of the player who wins it.

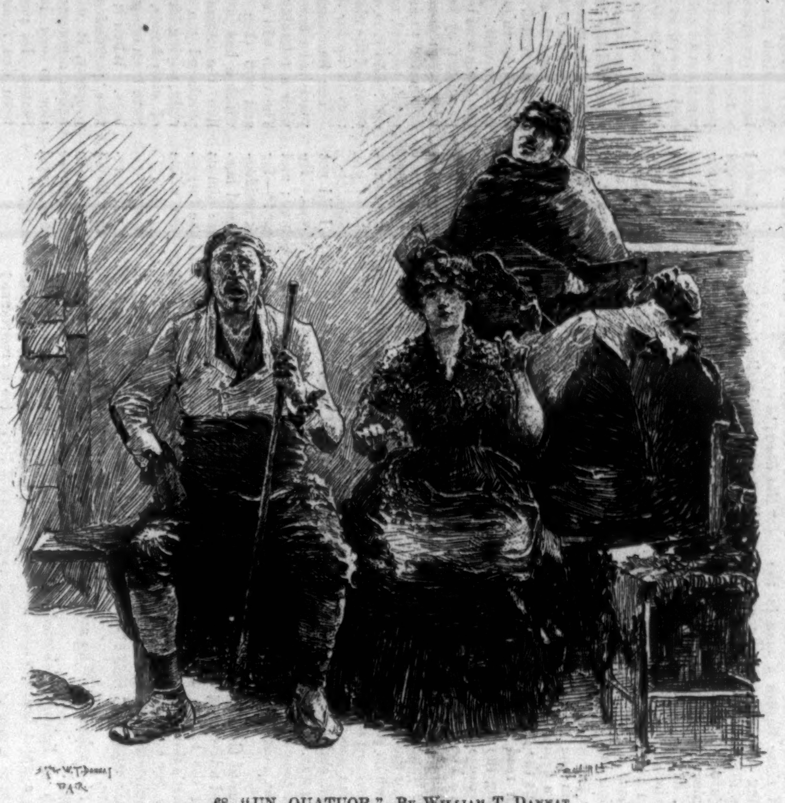




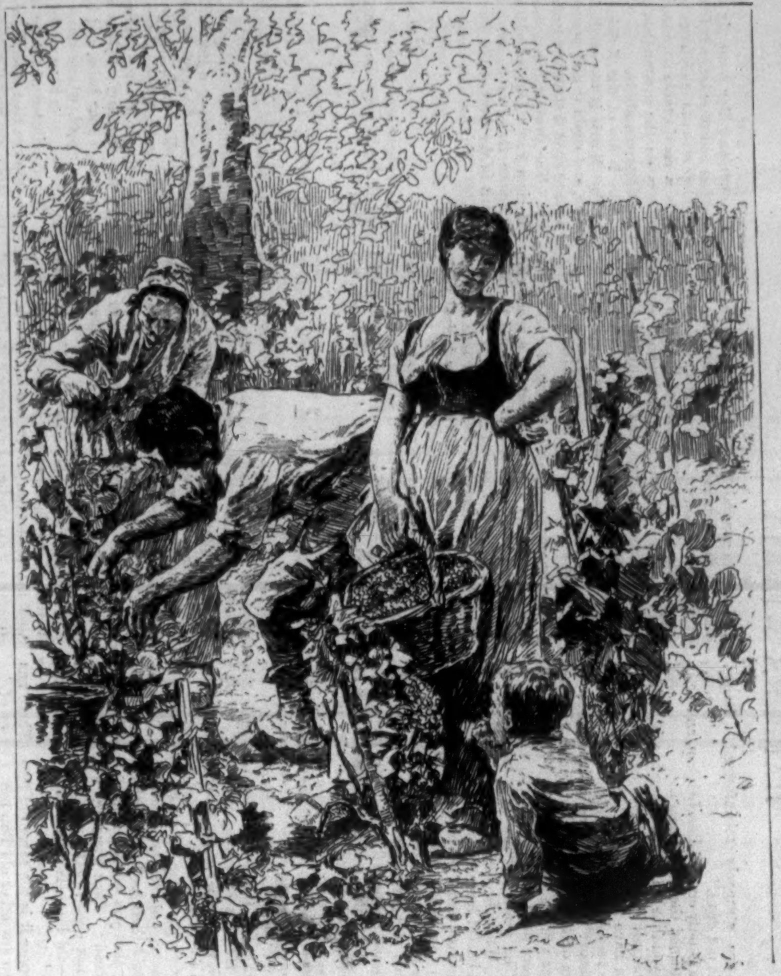
38. "THE BALLOON."—By Julien Dupré.



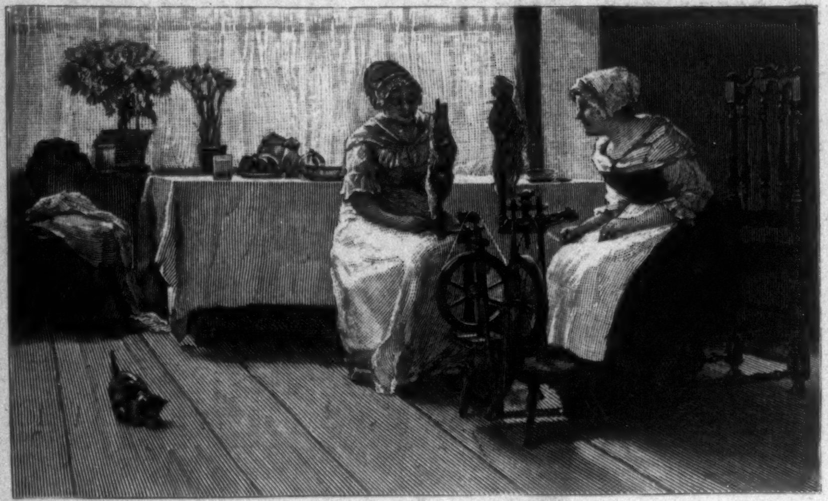
74. "THE BASHFUL SUITOR."—By Josef Israels.



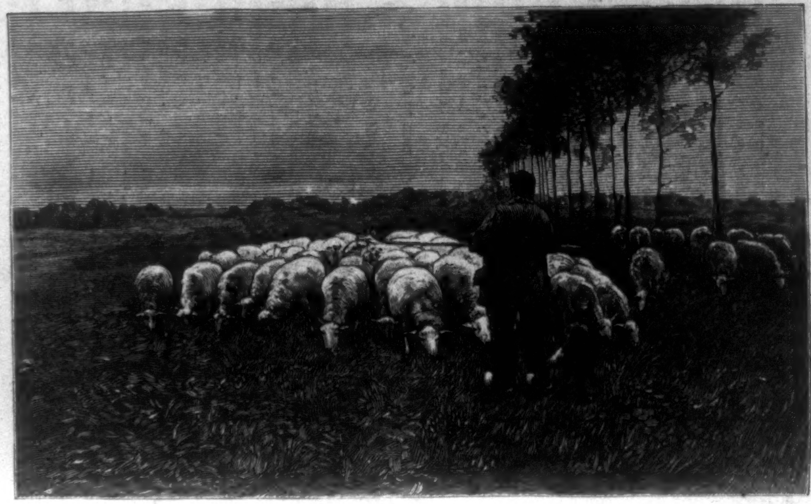
68. "UN QUATUOR."—By William T. Dannat.



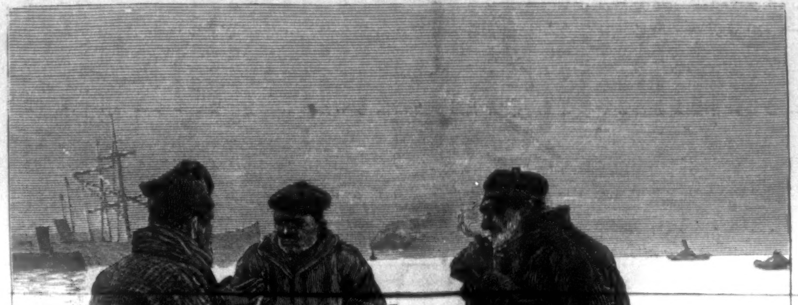
120. "THE VINTAGE."—By Léon Augustin Lhermitte.

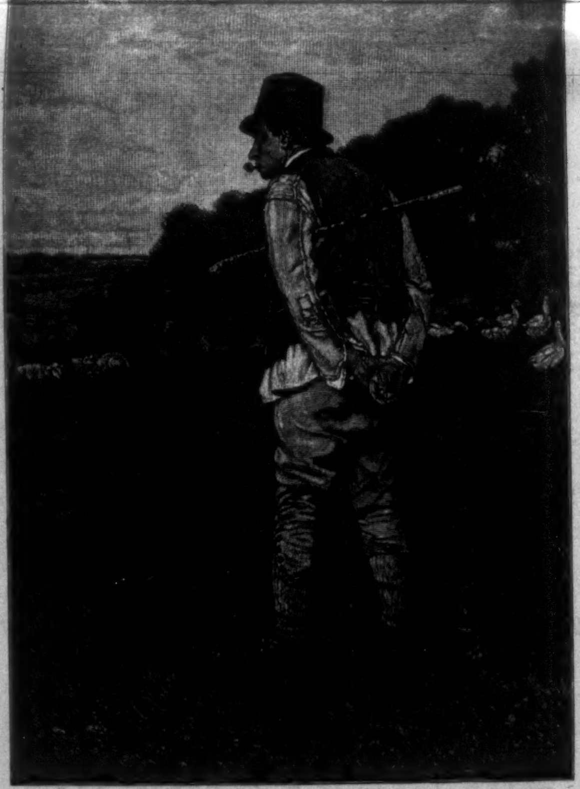


59. "GOSSIP."—By Carl Marr.

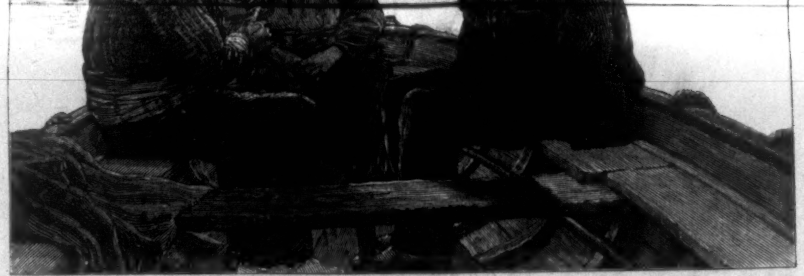


92. "SPRING."—By Anton Mauve.

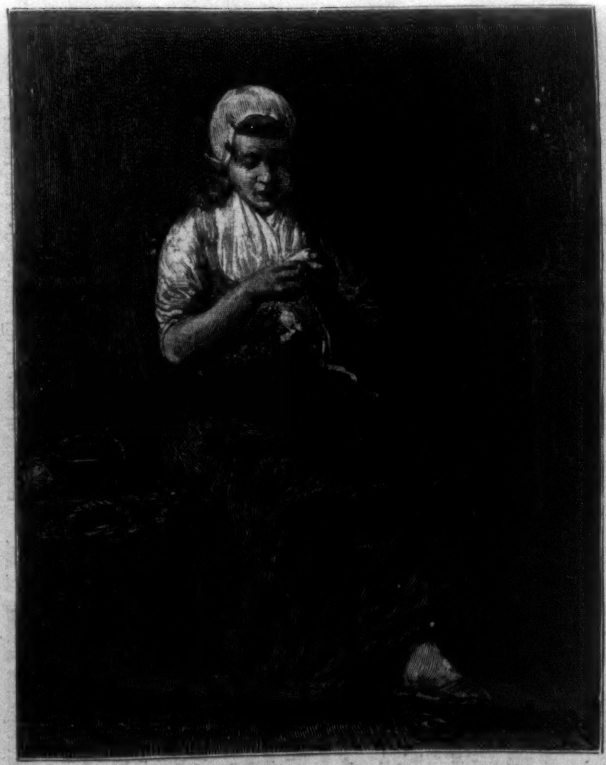




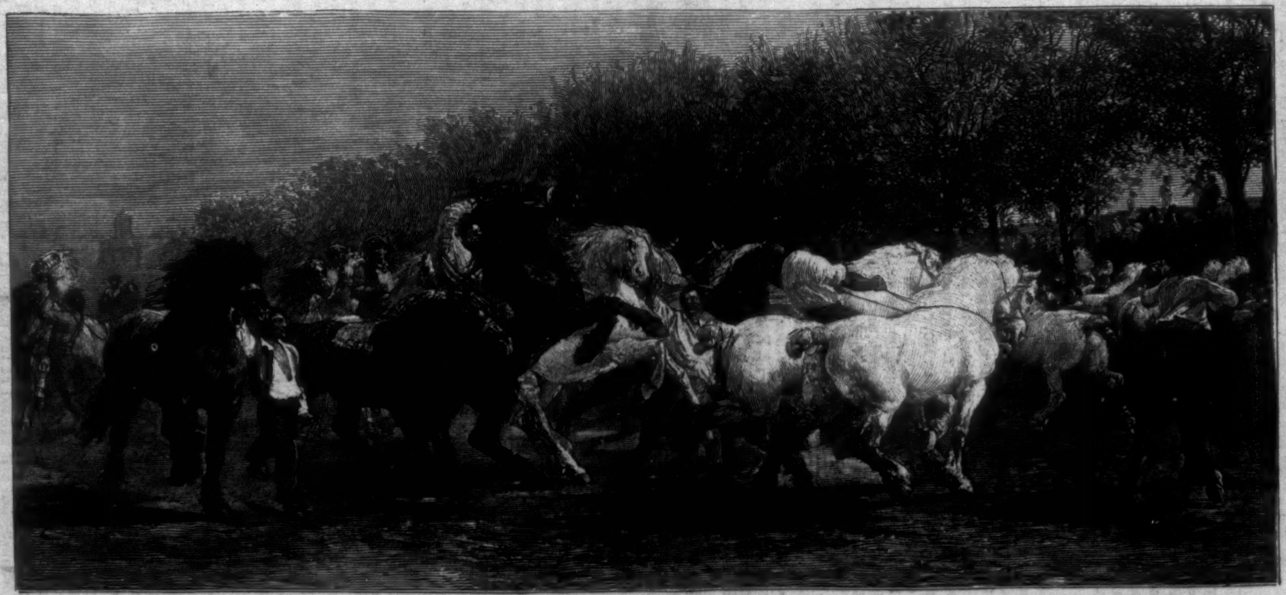
54. "ON THE OLD SOD."—By William Magrath.



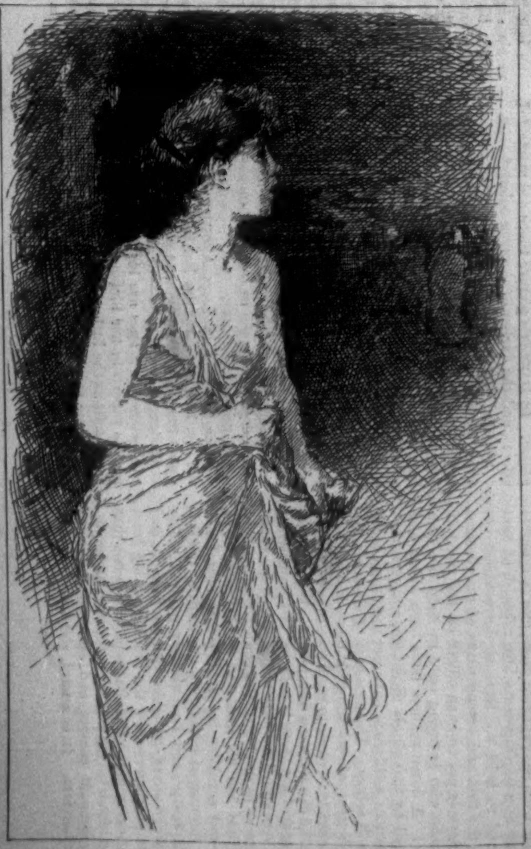
106. "BOATMEN AT BARCELONA."—By V. Baixeras.



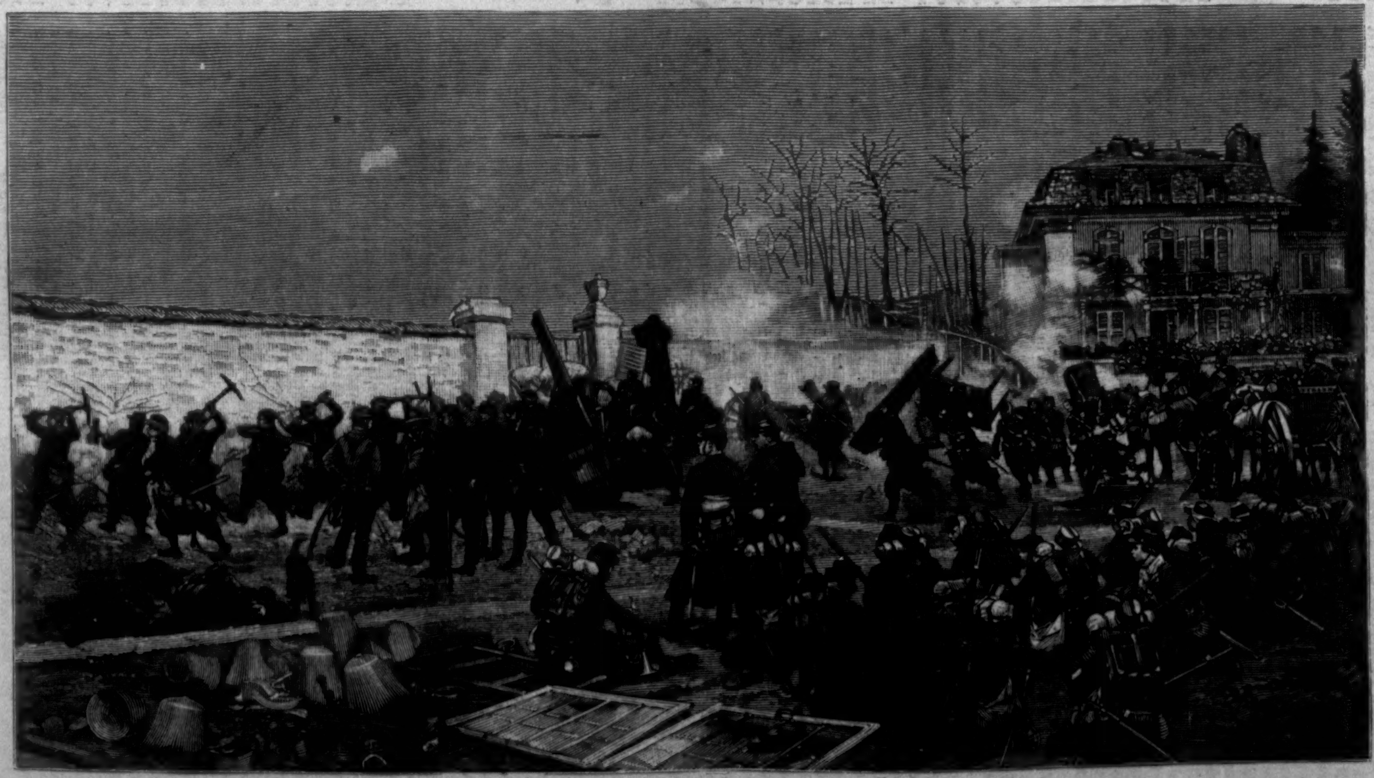
67. "EXPECTATION."—By Josef Israels.



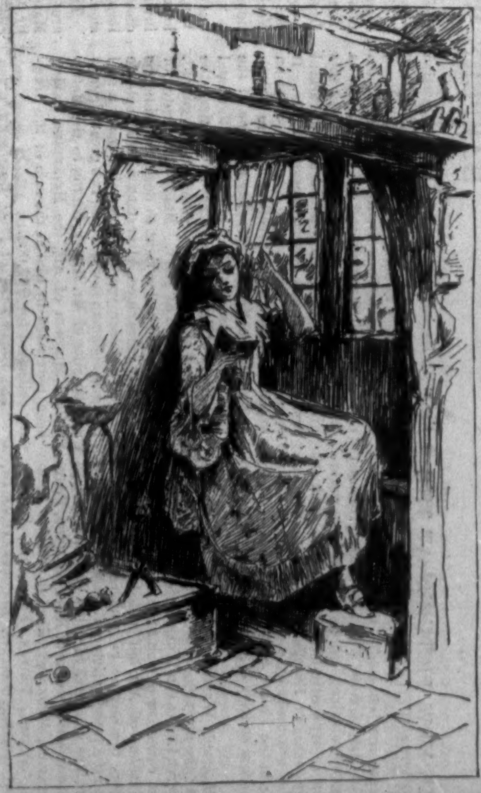
73. "THE HORSE FAIR."—By Rosa Bonheur.



81. "NYDIA."—By George Fuller.



62. "THE DEFENCE OF CHAMPIGNY."—By Edouard Détaille.



121. "A COZY CORNER."—By Francis D. Millet.

PICTURES RECENTLY GIVEN TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—[See Page 350.]

THE NEW PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

During the last month the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York, has been presented with many valuable pictures, some of them world-famous as representatives of the best work of modern art. In Europe additions to national galleries are made by direct governmental purchase; in the United States the increase of art treasures is entirely derived from private generosity.

In Harper's Weekly of April 16 mention was made of the magnificent bequest of the late Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, who gave not alone her fine collection of paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but added to it a gift of $200,000, the income of which was to be devoted to the preservation of the art collection and to its future increase. In this Wolfe collection are representative works of Rosa Bonheur, Preyer, Détaille, Munkacsy, Gérôme, Corot, Meissonier, Cabanel, Troyon, Fromentin, Fleury, Zeim, Mandrazo, Gallait, Bouguereau, Max, Schreyer, and others. Immediately after this bequest came other contributions to the Museum, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt giving the greatest of all Rosa Bonheur's works, "The Horse Fair," and Mr. George I. Seney a fine Dupré, a Lerolle, a Demont, two admirable Israels, and other pictures; and finally, last week, Mr. Henry Hilton gave to the Museum the two remarkable battle-pieces of modern art, Meissonier's "Friedland—1807," and Edouard Détaille's "The Defence of Champigny." Mr. William Schaus has been also generous, presenting a fine L'hermitte, "The Vintage," and other pictures. The question of cost is one by which the general public can alone estimate the worth of these pictures, and it is by no means an exaggeration to declare that these late accessions to the Museum are valued at $800,000.

In the Southwestern Gallery of the Museum are presented some of the most notable of the pictures. The Meissonier, "Friedland—1807," the gift of Mr. Henry Hilton, was illustrated in Harper's Weekly of March 19. Nearly opposite to the Meissonier is hung Détaille's "The Defence of Champigny." If Meissonier presents rather a general episode of war—a squadron of cuirassiers dashing past the Emperor, ready to plunge into the enemy's ranks, nothing being apparent there, as the artist expressed it, to show the more terrible aspect of war, for the scene is a brilliant one, the moment of triumph—in the Détaille the episode is more special, more circumscribed, the defence of a château against the advance of the enemy. It is worth while in studying these two pictures to observe the method employed, a purely modern one in painting battle scenes. Intelligent artists who have not drawn their pictures from their inner consciousness are aware that an engagement in its totality can never be produced on a flat canvas. An army with its two or three hundred thousand men covers an immense area of ground, and its line if extended would stretch over many miles. The leading actions in war are now relegated to panoramas. The older Vernet's method of presenting great masses of men in action, like squares on a chess-board, belongs to the conventional art of the past. It is the supreme talent of great artists like Meissonier and Détaille to give us lesser battle effects, with really very few men in action. In his "Friedland—1807," Meissonier reproduces the charge of a heavy squadron as they tear past the Emperor, who holds in check his reserve, and the whole number of figures, counting even those which are indicated vaguely in the distance, does not, perhaps, exceed 450. In Détaille's "The Defence of Champigny" there are not 200 soldiers. To those who are artists the difficulties presented in such works are well known. As truthfulness is the all-desirable element, the painter cannot give us any marked differences of costume. Twenty French soldiers drawn in line, or crouching on the ground to get clear of the flying missiles, are all clad alike. A great painter throws life into his regulation uniform by the change of pose, the variety of feature. How inimitable in this work of Détaille's are the different characteristics of that quarter company of crouching men on the right hand of the picture who are waiting until the embrasures in the wall are opened! When the sappers are through, it will be their turn. They may be the rats caught in a trap, for the Saxons and Würtembergers are in force, and General Faron can hardly hold the château of Champigny long. There is purposely no great show of death or destruction in the foreground. All hands are steady there. The wall has been so far a good cover, but in the château there is hot and bloody work. A porch runs around the château, and a Prussian shell has exploded there, and as it bursts it is sending its fragments into a bunch of men stationed to hold it. Here is the contrast between the first and second plans of the picture. How cleverly put on is an officer on the steps of the house who is trying only to keep the men steady! A dozen soldiers have been killed and wounded by that single discharge, and now that the German artillerists have got the range, more shell will follow. The necessity of silencing the enemy's guns, of searching for them, is why General Faron is so eager to get his embrasures open, so that he can work his own pieces. What a neat antithesis of art there is between the gardener in his sabots and the jaunty officer who is questioning him as to the lay of the land! One artillery horse has had his knee cut by a fragment of shell, and a soldier is washing that hurt knee. With the utmost fidelity are the traps of the soldier indicated, and how cleverly painted! The knapsacks are of calf-skin with the hair on, and the tin porringers show the black smutting from recent camp fires. Détaille's picture is not that of the idealist. No general careers on an impossible rampant courser and assumes an air of mock heroism. It is a hard, stern conflict, and the 113th Regiment of the Line, and that portion of a battery belonging to the right wing, all going to do their best to hold that place foot by foot, and if the picture lives five hundred years from now it will tell the story, and tell it well, just as it should be told. It is the latent feeling in this great picture which rises above all the careful detail. It portrays a stern feature of war. It speaks of quiet, determined heroism. It is an expression of the highest realism. There is dash and go in the Meissonier. The chargers of the shouting cuirassiers reflect in the sun a thousand flickerings of light; the straight swords flash, the heavy feet of the horses thunder on the ground. It is a delirium of glory. Meissonier treated of the past. He had a right to deck the triumphs of eighty years since. Détaille takes an episode of only eighteen years ago, one that many a still living Frenchman saw. These two great pictures are the gifts of Mr. Henry Hilton to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Meissonier having been purchased by him at the sale of the Stewart collection for $66,000.

"The Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur's, given by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was painted in 1852–3, and exhibited in 1853 in the Paris Salon. It was purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt at the sale of the Stewart gallery for $53,000, and from there went at once to the Metropolitan Museum. It is the greatest of all Rosa Bonheur's works, and may be designated as the finest art production yet due to any woman. It has not alone strong masculine traits, as boldness of technique, but delicacy. The strength of the huge Norman horse is admirably shown. Those superb animals haul at the bit and lurch and plunge, and their color is superb. For the last quarter of a century this picture has been well known in the United States, for prints of it have been widely distributed.

Julian Dupré's "The Balloon," a recent gift of Mr. George I. Seney's, always has its group of admirers before it. It is in the First Western Gallery. It is a dry summer's day; the foliage glitters in the sunlight. The sky is nearly cloudless, and the peasants stop from their work and gaze at the balloon, which soars away above them in the heavens. The grouping is admirable and the drawing excellent. A very notable picture of Mr. Seney's is the Number 9, Lerolle's "The Organ Rehearsal." A young woman in profile is singing, and behind her is the organist. It is a very simply painted picture, there being no contrasts nor laborious searchings for effects. The singing-loft is not sepulchral in mysterious shadow, nor are there great gleams of light in the church. The woman sings, quietly, sweetly, an "Ave Maria," perhaps, and not a "Gloria." From Mr. Seney come two Israels. Israels occupies in modern art somewhat the same position as did Ary Scheffer in the past, both being what are called sentimentalists. One of the canons of this school is exceeding temperance in color, relying more on effects of form. Israels, born in Holland, and having studied under Picot in Paris, retains the subdued modern Flemish manner. Of the two pictures in the Museum, "Expectation" and "The Bashful Suitor," the first is the more impressive. It is a young woman who, with her needle, is perfecting some little bit of work, expectant of coming motherhood. Nothing can be more delicate than the tender grace of this picture. In "The Bashful Suitor" a peasant boy and girl march side by side through the polder, and the fruit trees are in bloom, suggestive that time and place are in exact sympathy with the most ardent of supplications, but as they tramp the polder the youth dares not speak the impassioned word.

"The Quatuor," the No. 68 of the collection, painted by W. T. Dannat, and presented by Mr. Dannat, is a notable picture. In some respects it shows the method of the Bavarian school, but still has a manner of its own. The woman in black, with the two crimson ribbons, startles the observer. She shows a type of the Spanish woman which exists but is not frequently painted. Hers are not the great rolling Andalusian eyes, but sharp and rather ferrety ones, though they are black. That woman will clack her castanets snappishly, in a vixenish manner, and may sing shrilly. Admirable is her pose, with her rather small head, her luxuriant hair, and her comb coquettishly pushed on the one side. The rough sturdy singer to her right is giving every vibration his glottis is capable of producing. He demands attention. You must listen to him, he is so serious. As to the accompanist, he labors on his guitar, with his back to you, but he is racking its strings. Against the window, indifferent to the withering light that the blinds cannot keep out, stands a fine figure. His face is uplifted so that the cheek-bones take the sun gleam. In Dannat's picture there are masterful effects, and the daring of the true colorist.

"Spring," by Antin Mauve, a picture coming from Mr. Seney's collection, is a shepherd who marshals his flock. He holds the sheep under control with his "*serpete*," which is an evolution from the crook of a former idyllic period. It is a sweet spring morning, when the dew first falls, when the tenderest herbage springs up, and with tiny blossoms faintly colors the meadows.

Baixeras's "Boatmen of Barcelona," the No. 106, shows three old sailors discussing some important marine fact as they are seated in a boat. The seaway to Barcelona gleams with the opalescent colors of an early sunrise. The figures are very fine natural types of seafaring men—rough, tough, grizzled.

"The Vintage" of Leon Auguste Lhermitte, the No. 120, presented by Mr. William Schaus, shows four figures—a man, an old woman, a lusty vendangeuse, and a child—all at work in the vineyard when the grapes are lush. The young woman is superb in her bloom of lusty health, and she laughs as the little child smears his face with the purple skin of the grape. There are effects of light thrown on the tops of the vines, where their leaves are brown, golden, and russet, which are wonderfully painted.

Carl Marr's "Gossip"—two florid Flemish women chattering over their spinning-wheels—is a pretty picture, a trifle white and mealy in color. The No. 31, George Fuller's "Nydia," coming from Mr. Seney, with its poetic vagueness of color, finds a fitting resting-place in the Museum. Mr. F. D. Millet's "A Cozy Corner" is a delicate work of the artist—also from the Seney collection.

"On the Old Sod," painted by William Magrath, was presented to the Museum by Dr. William Carr. It presents an Irish farmer looking over his field. The landscape is most inviting. The sheep feed quietly, and in the distance is his cottage. The man's figure is well introduced, and he has a contented air of possession.

The other notable works by foreign artists are by Piloty, Mandrazo, Demont, Le Roux, Maignan, Fichel, Schreyer, Escosura, and two by Clairin. Of these Clairins the No. 21, a Spanish puppetshow, is as remarkable a picture as is found in the Museum.

If the pictures alone described and illustrated in this issue of Harper's Weekly be taken as that nucleus around which a collection is to be grouped, no solicitude may be entertained as to the future of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

OLIVER HOYT.

Oliver Hoyt, who died at Stamford, Connecticut, last week, from the effects of a fall from his carriage, was one of the oldest and most opulent of the leather merchants of this city. He was born at Stamford some sixty-four years ago, and was in business in New York for about forty-four years. He took an active interest in the public affairs of his native town and State, and served three terms as Senator in the Connecticut Legislature. He was a Republican in politics, and was a warm personal friend and admirer of General Grant. He was a Presidential Elector on the Grant ticket in 1872, and when Mr. George Jones, of the New York *Times*, undertook to raise $250,000 as a fund to yield an annual income to ex-President Grant, he found in Mr. Hoyt a very active and earnest fellow-laborer.

Mr. Hoyt was one of the most prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave liberally to its educational and charitable enterprises. He was a trustee of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, was for many years an active member of the Board of Managers of the General Missionary Society, and was for a time Treasurer of the Church Board of Education. Mr. Hoyt was a delegate in 1881 to the International Assembly of Methodists in London. Alike in business and in private life, Mr. Hoyt was universally esteemed, and leaves to his children, as not the least valuable of his possessions, the heritage of a good name.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."*

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

The revolution of Todos Santos had to all appearances been effected as peacefully as the gentle Liberator of Quinquinambo could have wished. Two pronunciamentos rudely printed and posted in the Plaza, and saluted by the fickle garrison of one hundred men, who had, however, immediately reappointed their old commander as Generalissimo under the new régime, seemed to leave nothing to be desired. A surging mob of vacant and wondering peons, bearing a singular resemblance to the wild cattle and horses which intermingled with them in blind and unceasing movement across the Plaza and up the hilly street, seemed as incapable of self-government, and were alternately dispersed and stampeded or allowed to gather again as occasion required. Some of these heterogeneous bands were afterward found—the revolution accomplished—gazing stupidly on the sea, or ruminating in bovine wantonness on the glacis before the Presidio.

Eleanor Keene, who, with her countrywomen, had been hurried to the refuge of the Mission, was more disturbed and excited at the prospect of meeting Hurlstone again than by any terror of the insurrection. But Hurlstone was not there, and Father Esteban received her with a coldness she could not attribute entirely to her countrymen's supposed sympathy with the insurgents. When Richard Keene, who would not leave his sister until he had seen her safe under the Mission walls, ventured at her suggestion to ask after the American recluse, Father Esteban replied, dryly, that, being a Christian gentleman, Hurlstone was the only one who had the boldness to seek out the American filibuster Perkins, on his own ship, and remonstrate with him for his unholy crusade. For the old priest had already become aware of Hurlstone's blunder, and he hated Eleanor as the primary cause of the trouble. But for her, Diego would be still with him in this emergency.

"Never mind, Nell," said Dick, noticing the disappointed eyes of his sister as they parted, "you'll all be safe here until we return. Between you and me, Banks, Brimmer, and I think that Brace and Winslow have gone too far in this matter, and we're going to stop it, unless the whole thing is over now, as they say."

"Don't believe that," said Crosby. "It's like their infernal earthquakes; there's always a second shock, and a tidal wave to follow. I pity Brace, Winslow, and Perkins if they get caught in it."

There seemed to be some reason for his skepticism, for later the calm of the Mission Garden was broken upon by the monotonous tread of banded men on the shell-strewn walks, and the door of the refectory opened to the figure of Señor Perkins. A green silk sash across his breast, a gold-laced belt, supporting a light dress-sword and a pair of pistols, buckled around the jaunty waist of his ordinary black frock-coat, were his scant martial suggestions. But his hat, albeit exchanged for a soft felt one, still reposed on the back of his benevolent head, and seemed to accent more than ever the contrast between his peaceful shoulders and the military smartness of his lower figure. He bowed with easy politeness to the assembled fugitives, but before he could address them Father Esteban had risen to his feet.

"I thought that this house at least was free from the desecrating footsteps of lawlessness and impiety," said the priest, sternly. "How dare *you* enter here?"

"Nothing but the desire to lend my assistance to the claims of beauty, innocence, helplessness, and, if you will allow me to add," with a low bow to the priest, "sanctity, caused this intrusion. For I regret to say that through the ill-advised counsels of some of my fellow-patriots the Indian tribes attached to this Mission are in revolt, and threaten even this sacred building."

"It is false!" said Father Esteban, indignantly. "Even under the accursed manipulation of your emissaries the miserable heathen would not dare to raise a parricidal hand against the Church that fostered them!"

Señor Perkins smiled gently but sadly. "Your belief, reverend sir, does you infinite credit. But, to save time, let me give way to a gentleman who, I believe, possesses your confidence; he will confirm my statement." He drew aside and allowed Hurlstone, who had been standing unperceived behind, to step forward. The Padre uttered an exclamation of pleasure. Miss Keene colored quickly. Hurlstone cast a long and lingering glance at her, which seemed to the embarrassed girl full of a new strange meaning, and then advanced quickly, with outstretched hands, toward Padre Esteban.

"He speaks truly," he said, hurriedly, "and in the interests of humanity alone. The Indians have been tampered with treacherously, against his knowledge and consent. He only seeks now to prevent the consequences of this folly by placing you and these ladies out of reach of harm aboard of the *Excelsior*."

"A very proper and excellent idea," broke in Mrs. Brimmer, with genteel precision. "You see these people evidently recognize the fact of Mr. Brimmer's previous ownership of the *Excelsior*, and the respect that is due to him. I, for one, shall accept the offer, and insist upon Miss Chubb accompanying me."

"I shall be charmed to extend the hospitality of the *Excelsior* to you on any pretext," said the señor, gallantly; "and, indeed, should insist upon personally accompanying you and my dear friends, Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene, but, alas! I am required elsewhere. I leave," he continued, turning toward Hurlstone, who was already absorbed in a whispered consultation with Padre Esteban—"I leave a sufficient escort with you to protect your party to the boats which have brought us here. You will take them to the *Excelsior*, and join me with the ship off Todos Santos in the morning. Adieu, my friends. Good-night, and farewell."

The priest made a vehement movement of protestation, but he was checked by Hurlstone, as with a low bow Señor Perkins passed out into the darkness. The next moment his voice was heard raised in command, and the measured tramp of his men gradually receded, and was lost in the distance.

"Does he think," said the priest, indignantly, "that I, Padre Esteban, would desert my sacred trust, and leave His Holy Temple a prey to sacrilegious trespass? Never, while I live, Diego. Call him back and tell him so."

"Rather listen to me, Father Esteban," said the young man, earnestly. "I have a plan by which this may be avoided. From my knowledge of these Indians I am convinced that they have been basely tricked and cajoled by some one. I believe that they are still amenable to reason and argument, and I am so certain that I am ready to go down among them and make the attempt. The old chief and part of his band are still encamped on the shore; we could hear them as we passed in the boats. I will go and meet them. If I succeed in bringing them to reason, I will return; if I find them intractable, I will at least divert their attention from the Mission long enough for you to embark these ladies with their escort, which you will do at the end of two hours if I do not return."

"In two hours?" broke in Mrs. Brimmer, in sharp protest. "I positively object. I certainly understood that Señor Perkins's invitation, which, under the circumstances, I shall consider equal to a command from Mr. Brimmer, was to be accepted at once and without delay; and I certainly shall not leave Miss Chubb exposed to imminent danger for two hours to meet the caprice of an entire stranger to Mr. Brimmer."

"I am willing to stay with Father Esteban, if he will let me," said Eleanor Keene, quietly, "for I have faith in Mr. Hurlstone's influence and courage, and believe he will be successful."

The young man thanked her with another demonstrative look that brought the warm blood to her cheek.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, promptly, "I suppose if Nell stays I must see the thing through, and stay with her, even if *I* haven't orders from Jimmy."

"There is no necessity that either Mr. or Mrs. Brimmer should be disobeyed in their wishes," said Hurlstone, grimly. "Luckily there are two boats; Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb can take one of them with half the escort, and proceed at once to the *Excelsior*. I will ride with them as far as the boat. And now," he continued, turning to the old priest with sparkling eyes, "I have only to ask your blessing and the good wishes of these ladies to go forth on my mission of peace. If I am successful," he added, with a light laugh, "confess that a layman and a heretic may do some service for the Church." As the old man laid his half-detaining, half-benedictory hands upon his shoulders, the young man seized the opportunity to whisper in his ear, "Remember your promise to tell her *all* I have told you"; and, with another glance at Miss Keene, he marshalled Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb before him, and hurried them to the boat.

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* Begun in No. 1583.—Copyright, 1886, by Bret Harte.

Miss Keene looked after him with a vague felicity in the change that seemed to have come on him, a change that she could as little account for as her own happiness. Was it the excitement of danger that had overcome his reserve, and set free his compressed will and energy? She longed for her brother to see him thus—alert, strong, and chivalrous. In her girlish faith she had no fear for his safety: he would conquer, he would succeed; he would come back to them victorious. Looking up from her happy abstraction, at the side of Mrs. Markham, who had calmly gone to sleep in an arm-chair, she saw Father Esteban's eyes fixed upon her. With a warning gesture of the hand toward Mrs. Markham he rose, and going to the door of the sacristy, beckoned to her. The young girl noiselessly crossed the room, and followed him into the sanctuary.

Half an hour later, and while Mrs. Markham was still asleep, Father Esteban appeared at the door of the sacristy ostentatiously taking snuff, and using a large red handkerchief to wipe his more than usually humid eyes. Eleanor Keene, with her chin resting on her hand, remained sitting as he had left her, with her abstracted eyes fixed vacantly on the lamp before the statue of the Virgin and the half-lit gloom of the nave.

Padre Esteban had told her *all!* She now knew Hurlstone's history even as he had hesitatingly imparted it to the old priest in this very church—perhaps upon the very seat where she sat. She knew the peace that he had sought for and found within these walls, broken only by his passion for her. She knew his struggles against the hopelessness of this new-born love, even the desperate remedy that had been adopted against herself, and the later voluntary exile of her lover. She knew the providential culmination of his trouble in the news brought, unconsciously, by Perkins; which, but a few hours ago, he had verified by the letters, records, and even the certificate of death that had thus strangely been placed in his hands. She knew all this so clearly now that, with the instinct of a sympathetic nature, she even fancied she had heard it before. She knew that all the obstacles to an exchange of their affection had been removed; that her lover only waited his opportunity to hear from her own lips the answer that was even now struggling at her heart. And yet she hesitated and drew back, half frightened in the presence of her great happiness. How she longed, and yet dreaded, to meet him! What if anything should have happened to him; what if he should be the victim of some treachery; what if he did not come; what if— "Good heavens! what was that?"

She was near the door of the sacristy, gazing into the dim and shadowy church. Either she was going mad or else the grotesque Indian hangings of the walls were certainly moving toward her. She rose in speechless terror as what she had taken for an uncouthly swathed and draped barbaric pillar suddenly glided to the window. Crouching against the wall, she crept breathlessly toward the entrance to the garden. Casting a hurried glance above her she saw the open belfry, that was illuminated by the misty radiance of the moon, darkly shadowed by hideously gibbering faces that peered at her through the broken tracery. With a cry of horror she threw open the garden door, but the next moment was swallowed up in the tumultuous tide of wild and half-naked figures that surged against the walls of the church, and felt herself lifted from her feet, with inarticulate cries, and borne along the garden. Even in her mental terror she could recognize that the cries were not those of rage, but of vacant satisfaction; that although she was lifted on lithe shoulders, the grasp of her limbs was gentle, and the few dark faces she could see around her were glistening in child-like curiosity. Presently, she felt herself placed upon the back of a mule, that seemed to be swayed hither and thither in the shifting mass, and the next moment the misty, tossing cortége moved forward with a new and more definite purpose. She called aloud for Father Esteban and Mrs. Markham; her voice appeared to flow back upon her from the luminous wall of fog that closed around her. Then the inarticulate, irregular outcries took upon themselves a measured rhythm, the movement of the mass formed itself upon the monotonous chant, the intervals grew shorter, the mule broke into a trot, and then the whole vast multitude fell into a weird, rhythmical, jogging quickstep at her side.

Whatever was the intent of this invasion of the Mission and her own strange abduction, she was relieved by noticing that they were going in the same direction as that taken by Hurlstone an hour before. Either he was cognizant of their movements, and, being powerless to prevent their attack on the church, had stipulated they were to bring her to him in safety, or else he was calculating to intercept them on the way. The fog prevented her from forming any estimation of the numbers that surrounded her, or if the Padre and Mrs. Markham were possibly preceding her as captives in the vanguard. She felt the breath of the sea, and knew they were travelling along the shore; the monotonous chant and jogging motion gradually dulled her active terror to an apathetic resignation, in which occasionally her senses seemed to swoon and swim in the dreamy radiance through which they passed; at times it seemed a dream or nightmare with which she was hopelessly struggling; at times she was taking part in an unhallowed pageant, or some heathen sacrificial procession of which she was the destined victim.

She had no consciousness of how long the hideous journey lasted. Her benumbed senses were suddenly awakened by a shock; the chant had ceased, the moving mass in which she was embedded rolled forward once more as if by its own elasticity, and then receded again with a jar that almost unseated her. Then the inarticulate murmur was overborne by a voice. It was *his!* She turned blindly toward it; but before she could utter the cry that rose to her lips, she was again lifted from the saddle, carried forward, and gently placed upon what seemed to be a moss-grown bank. Opening her half-swimming eyes she recognized the Indian cross. The crowd seemed to recede before her. Her eyes closed again as a strong arm passed around her waist.

"Speak to me, Miss Keene—Eleanor—my darling!" said Hurlstone's voice. "Oh my God! they have killed her!"

With an effort she moved her head and tried to smile. Their eyes, and then their lips, met; she fainted.

When she struggled to her senses again she was lying in the stern-sheets of the *Excelsior's* boat, supported on Mrs. Markham's shoulder. For an instant the floating veil of fog around her and the rhythmical movement of the boat seemed a part of her mysterious ride, and she raised her head with a faint cry for Hurlstone.

"It's all right, my dear," said Mrs. Markham, soothingly; "he's ashore with the Padre, and everything else is all right too! But it's rather ridiculous to think that those idiotic Indians believed the only way they could show Mr. Hurlstone that they meant us no harm was to drag us all up to *their* Mission, as they call that half-heathen cross of theirs, for safety against—whom do you think, dear?—the dreadful *Americans!* And imagine all the while the Padre and I were just behind you, bringing up the rear of the procession—only they wouldn't let us join you because they wanted to show you special honor as"—she sank her voice to a whisper in Eleanor's ear—"as the future Mrs. Hurlstone! It appears they must have noticed something about you two the last time you were there, my dear. And—to think—*you* never told me anything about it!"

When they reached the *Excelsior* they found that Mrs. Brimmer, having already settled herself in the best cabin, was inclined to extend the hospitalities of the ship with the air of a hostess. But the arrival of Hurlstone at midnight with some delegated authority from Señor Perkins, and the unexpected getting under way of the ship, disturbed her complacency. "We are going through the channel into the bay of Todos Santos," was the brief reply vouchsafed her by Hurlstone. "But why can't we remain here and wait for Mr. Brimmer?" she asked, indignantly. "Because," responded Hurlstone, grimly, "the *Excelsior* is expected off the Presidio to-morrow morning to aid the insurgents." "You don't mean to say that Miss Chubb and myself are to be put in the attitude of arraying ourselves against the constituted authorities—and, perhaps, Mr. Brimmer himself?" asked Mrs. Brimmer, in genuine alarm. "It looks so," said Hurlstone, a little maliciously; "but no doubt your husband and the señor will arrange it amicably." To Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene he explained more satisfactorily that the expected disaffection of the Indians had obliged Perkins to so far change his plans as to disembark his entire force from the *Excelsior* and leave her with only the complement of men necessary to navigate her through the channel of Todos Santos, where she would peacefully await his orders or receive his men in case of defeat.

Nevertheless, as the night was nearly spent, Mrs. Markham and Eleanor preferred to await the coming day on deck, and watch the progress of the *Excelsior* through the mysterious channel. In a few moments the bark began to feel the combined influence of the tide and the slight morning breeze, and after rounding an invisible point, she presently rose and fell on the larger ocean swell. The pilot, whom Hurlstone recognized as the former third mate of the *Excelsior*, appeared to understand the passage perfectly; and even Hurlstone and the ladies, who had through eight months' experience become accustomed to the luminous obscurity of Todos Santos, could detect the faint looming of the headland at the entrance. The same soothing silence, the same lulling of even the unseen surf, which broke in gentle undulations over the bar and seemed to lift the bark in rocking buoyancy over the slight obstruction, came back to them as on the day of their fateful advent. The low orders of the pilot, the cry of the leadsman in the chains, were but a part of the restful past.

Under the combined influence of the hour and the climate, the conversation fell into monosyllables, and Mrs. Markham dozed. The lovers sat silently together—but the memory of a kiss was between them. It spanned the gulf of the past with an airy bridge, over which their secret thoughts and fancies passed and repassed with a delicious security: henceforth they could not flee from that memory, even if they wished; they read it in each other's lightest glance; they felt it in the passing touch of each other's hands; it lingered, with vague tenderness, on the most trivial interchange of thought. Yet they spoke a little of the future. Eleanor believed that her brother would not object to their union; he had spoken of entering into business at Todos Santos, and perhaps when peace and security were restored they might live together. Hurlstone did not tell her that a brief examination of his wife's papers had shown him that the property he had set aside for her maintenance, and from which she had regularly drawn an income, had increased in value, and left him a rich man. He only pressed her hand, and whispered that her wishes should be his. They had become tenderly silent again, as the *Excelsior*, now fairly in the bay, appeared to be slowly drifting, with listless sails and idle helm, in languid search of an anchorage. Suddenly they were startled by a cry from the lookout.

"Sail ho!"

There was an incredulous start on the deck. The mate sprang into the fore-rigging with an oath of protestation. But at the same moment the tall masts and spars of a vessel suddenly rose like a phantom out of the fog at their side. The half-disciplined foreign crew uttered a cry of rage and trepidation, and huddled like sheep in the waist, with distracted gestures; even the two men at the wheel forsook their post to run in dazed terror to the taffrail. Before the mate could restore order to this chaos the *Excelsior* had drifted, with a scarcely perceptible concussion, against the counter of the strange vessel. In an instant a dozen figures appeared on its bulwarks and dropped unimpeded upon the *Excelsior's* deck. As the foremost one approached the mate, the latter shrank back in consternation.

"Captain Bunker!"

"Yes," said the figure, advancing with a mocking laugh; "Captain Bunker it is. Captain Bunker, formerly of this American bark *Excelsior*, and now of the Mexican ship *La Trinidad*. Captain Bunker ez larnt every foot of that passage in an open boat last August, and didn't forget it yesterday in a big ship. Captain Bunker ez has just landed a company of dragoons to relieve the Presidio. What d'ye say to that, Mr. McCarthy—eh?"

"I say," answered McCarthy, raising his voice with a desperate effort to recover his calmness—"I say that Perkins landed with double that number of men yesterday around that point, and that he'll be aboard here in half an hour to make you answer for this insult to his ship and his government."

"His government!" echoed Bunker, with a hoarser laugh. "Hear him!—*his* government! His government died at four o'clock this morning, when his own ringleaders gave him up to the authorities. Ha! Why, this yer revolution is played out, old man; and Generalissimo Leonidas Perkins is locked up in the Presidio."

The revolution was indeed ended. The unexpected arrival of a relieving garrison in the bay of Todos Santos had completed what the dissensions in the insurgents' councils had begun; the discontents, led by Brace and Winslow, had united with the government against Perkins and his aliens; but a compromise had been effected by the treacherous giving up of the Liberator himself in return for an amnesty granted to his followers. The part that Bunker had played in bringing about this moral catastrophe was, however, purely adventitious. When he had recovered his health, and subsequent events had corroborated the truth of his story, the Mexican government, who had compromised with Quinquinambo, was obliged to recognize his claims by offering him command of the missionary ship and permission to rediscover the channel, the secret of which had been lost for half a century to the government. He had arrived at the crucial moment when Perkins's command were scattered along the sea-shore, and the dragoons had invested Todos Santos without opposition.

Such was the story substantially told to Hurlstone and confirmed on his debarkation with the ladies at Todos Santos, the *Excelsior* being now in the hands of the authorities. Hurlstone did not hesitate to express to Padre Esteban his disgust at the treachery which had made a scapegoat of Señor Perkins. But, to his surprise, the cautious priest only shrugged his shoulders as he took a complacent pinch of snuff.

"Have a care, Diego! You are of a necessity grateful to this man for the news he has brought—nay, more, for possibly being the instrument elected by Providence to precipitate the *dénouement* of that miserable woman's life—but let it not close your eyes to his infamous political career. I admit that he was opposed to the revolt of the heathen against us, but it was his emissaries and his doctrines that poisoned with heresy the fountains from which they drank. Enough! Be grateful; but do not expect *me* to intercede for Baal and Astaroth!"

"Intercede!" echoed Hurlstone, alarmed at the sudden sacerdotal hardness that had overspread the old priest's face. "Surely the Council will not be severe with the man who was betrayed into their power by others equally guilty?"

Padre Esteban avoided Hurlstone's eyes as he answered, with affected coolness, "*Quien sabe?* There will be *expulsados*, no doubt. The *Excelsior*, which is confiscated, will be sent to Mexico with them."

"I must see Señor Perkins," said Hurlstone, suddenly.

The priest hesitated. "When?" he asked, cautiously.

"At once."

"Good." He wrote a hurried line on a piece of paper, folded it, sealed it, and gave it to Hurlstone. "You will hand that to the Comandante. He will give you access to the prisoner."

In less than half an hour Hurlstone presented himself before the Commander. The events of the last twenty-four hours had evidently affected Don Miguel, for although he received Hurlstone courteously, there was a singular reflection of the priest's harshness in his face as he glanced over the missive. He took out his watch. "I give you ten minutes with the prisoner, Don Diego. More, I cannot."

A little awed by the manner of the Commander, Hurlstone bowed and followed him across the court-yard. It was filled with soldiers, and near the gateway a double file of dragoons, with loaded carbines, were standing at ease. Two sentries were ranged on each side of an open door, which gave upon the court-yard. The Commander paused before it, and with a gesture invited him to enter. It was a large square apartment, lighted only by the open door and a grated enclosure above it. Seated in his shirt sleeves before a rude table, Señor Perkins was quietly writing. The shadow of Hurlstone's figure falling across his paper caused him to look up.

Whatever anxiety Hurlstone had begun to feel, it was quickly dissipated by the hearty, affable, and even happy greeting of the prisoner.

"Ah! what! my young friend Hurlstone! Again an unexpected pleasure," he said, extending his white hands. "And again you find me wooing the Muse, in, I fear, hesitating numbers"—he pointed to the sheet of paper before him, which showed some attempts at versification; "but I confess to a singular fascination in the exercise of poetic composition in instants of leisure like this—a fascination which, as a man of imagination yourself, you can appreciate."

"And I am sorry to find you here, Señor Perkins," began Hurlstone, frankly, "but I believe it will not be for long."

"My opinion," said the señor, with a glance of gentle contemplation at the distant Comandante, "as far as I may express it, coincides with your own."

"I have come," continued Hurlstone, earnestly, "to offer you my services. I am ready"—he raised his voice, with a view of being overheard—"to bear testimony that you had no complicity in the baser part of the late conspiracy—the revolt of the savages—and that you did your best to counteract the evil, although in doing so you have sacrificed yourself. I shall claim the right to speak from my own knowledge of the Indians, and from their admission to me that they were led away by the vague representations of Martinez, Brace, and Winslow."

"Pardon—pardon me," said Señor Perkins, deprecatingly; "you are mistaken. My general instructions, no doubt, justified these young gentlemen in taking, I shall not say extreme, but injudicious measures." He glanced meaningly in the direction of the Commander, as if to warn Hurlstone from continuing, and said, gently, "But let us talk of something else. I thank you for your gracious intentions, but you remember that we agreed only yesterday that you knew nothing of politics, and did not concern yourself with them. I do not know but you are wise. Politics and the science of self-government, although dealing with general principles, is apt to be defined by the individual limitations of the enthusiast. What is good for *himself* he too often deems is applicable to the general public, instead of wisely understanding that which is good for *them* must be good for himself. But," said the señor, lightly, "we are again transgressing. We were to choose another topic. Let it be yourself, Mr. Hurlstone. You are looking well, sir; indeed, I may say I never saw you looking so well. Let me congratulate you. Health is the right of youth. May you keep both!" He shook Hurlstone's hand again with singular fervor.

There was a slight bustle and commotion at the door of the guard-room, and the Commander's attention was called in that direction. Hurlstone profited by the opportunity to say in a hurried whisper, "Tell me what I can do for you," and he hesitated to voice his renewed uneasiness—"tell me—if—if—if—your case is—urgent."

Señor Perkins lifted his shoulders and smiled with grateful benevolence. "You have already promised me to deliver those papers and manuscripts of my deceased friend, and to endeavor to find her relations. I do not think it is urgent, however."

"I do not mean that," said Hurlstone, eagerly. "I—" but Perkins stopped him with a sign that the Commander was returning. Don Miguel approached them with disturbed and anxious looks.

"I have yielded to the persuasions of two ladies, Doña Leonor and the Señora Markham, to ask you to see them for a moment," he said to Señor Perkins. "Shall it be so? I have told them the hour is nearly spent."

"You have told them nothing more?" asked the señor, in a whisper unheard by Hurlstone.

"No."

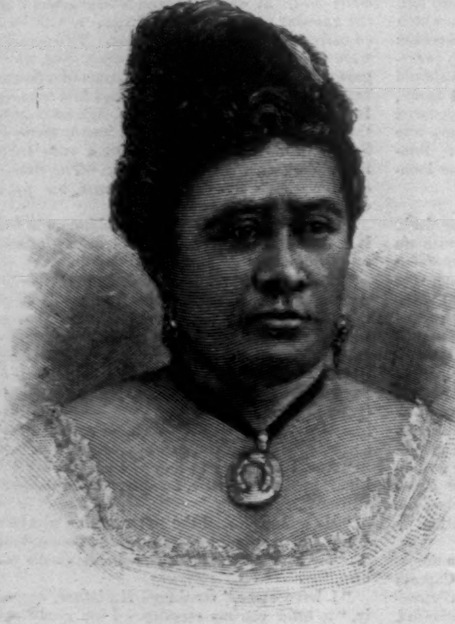
"Let them come, then."

The Commander made a gesture to the sentries at the guard-room, who drew back to allow Mrs. Markham and Eleanor to pass. A little child, one of Eleanor's old Presidio pupils, who, recognizing her, had followed her into the guard-room, now emerged with her, and, momentarily disconcerted at the presence of the Commander, ran, with the unerring instinct of childhood, to the señor for protection. The filibuster smiled, and lifting the child with a paternal gesture to his shoulder by one hand, he extended the other to the ladies.

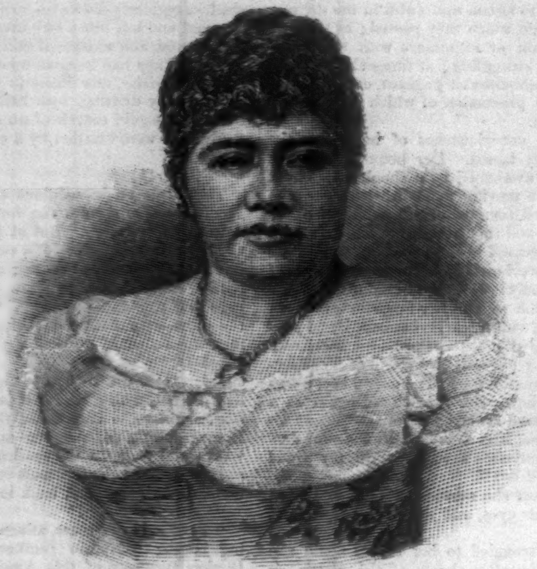
"The Commander," said Mrs. Markham, briskly, "says it's against the rules—that visiting-time is up, and you've already got a friend with you, and all that sort of thing; but I told him that I was bound to see you, if only to say that if there's any meanness going on, Susannah and James Markham ain't in it. No. But we're going to see you put right and square in the matter; and if we can't do it here, we'll do it if we have to follow you to Mexico; that's all."

"And I," said Eleanor, grasping the señor's hand, and half blushing as she glanced at Hurlstone, "see that I have already a friend here who will help me to put in action all the sympathy I feel."

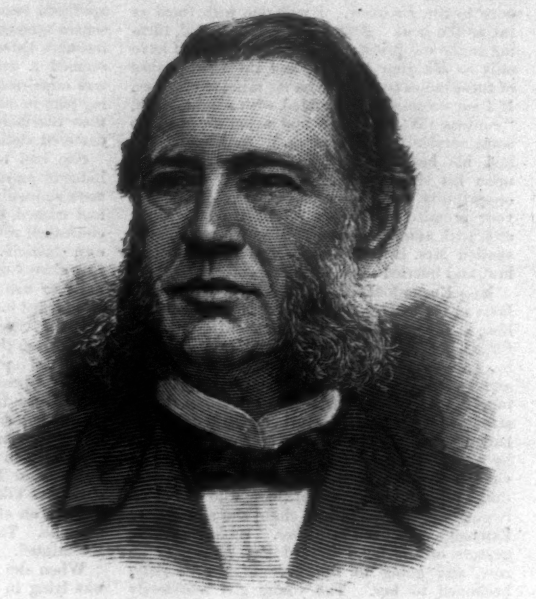
Señor Perkins drew himself up, and cast a faint look of pride toward the Commander. "To *hear* such assurances from beautiful and eloquent lips



QUEEN KAPIOLANI, OF HAWAII.—[See Page 354.]



THE PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI, OF HAWAII.—[See Page 354.]



THE LATE OLIVER HOYT, OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 350.]

like those before me," he said, with his old oratorical wave of the hand, but a passing shadow across his mild eyes, "is more than sufficient. In my experience of life I have been favored at various emergencies by the sympathy and outspoken counsel of your noble sex; the last time by Mrs. Euphemia McCorkle, of Peoria, Illinois, a lady of whom you have heard me speak—alas! now lately deceased. A few lines at present lying on yonder table—a tribute to her genius—will be forwarded to you, dear Mrs. Markham. But let us change the theme. You are looking well—and you too, Miss Keene. From the roses that bloom on your cheeks—nourished by the humid air of Todos Santos—I am gratified in thinking you have forgiven me your enforced detention here."

At a gesture from the Commander he ceased, stepped back, bowed gravely, and the ladies recognized that their brief audience had terminated. As they passed through the gateway, looking back, they saw Perkins still standing with the child on his shoulder, and smiling affably upon them. Then the two massive doors of the gateway swung to with a crash, the bolts were shot, and the court-yard was impenetrable.

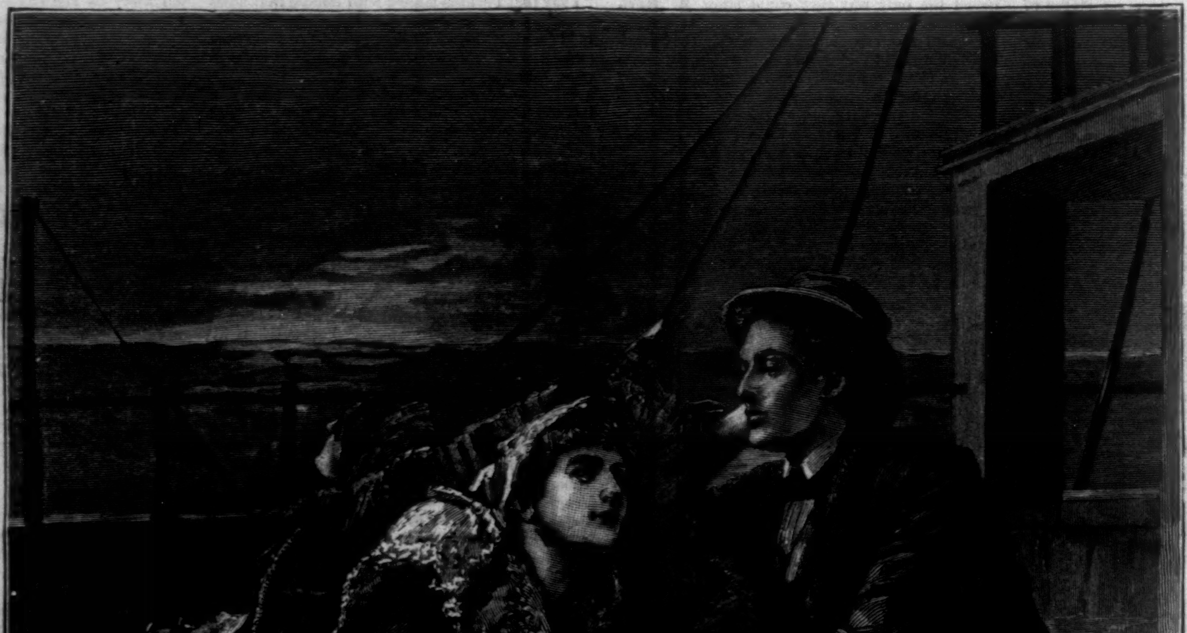
A few moments later the three friends had passed the outermost angle of the fortifications, and were descending toward the beach. By the time they had reached the sands they had fallen into a vague silence.

A noise like the cracking and fall of some slight scaffolding behind them arrested their attention. Hurlstone turned quickly. A light smoke drifting from the court-yard was mingling with the fog. A faint cry of "Dios y Libertad!" rose with it.

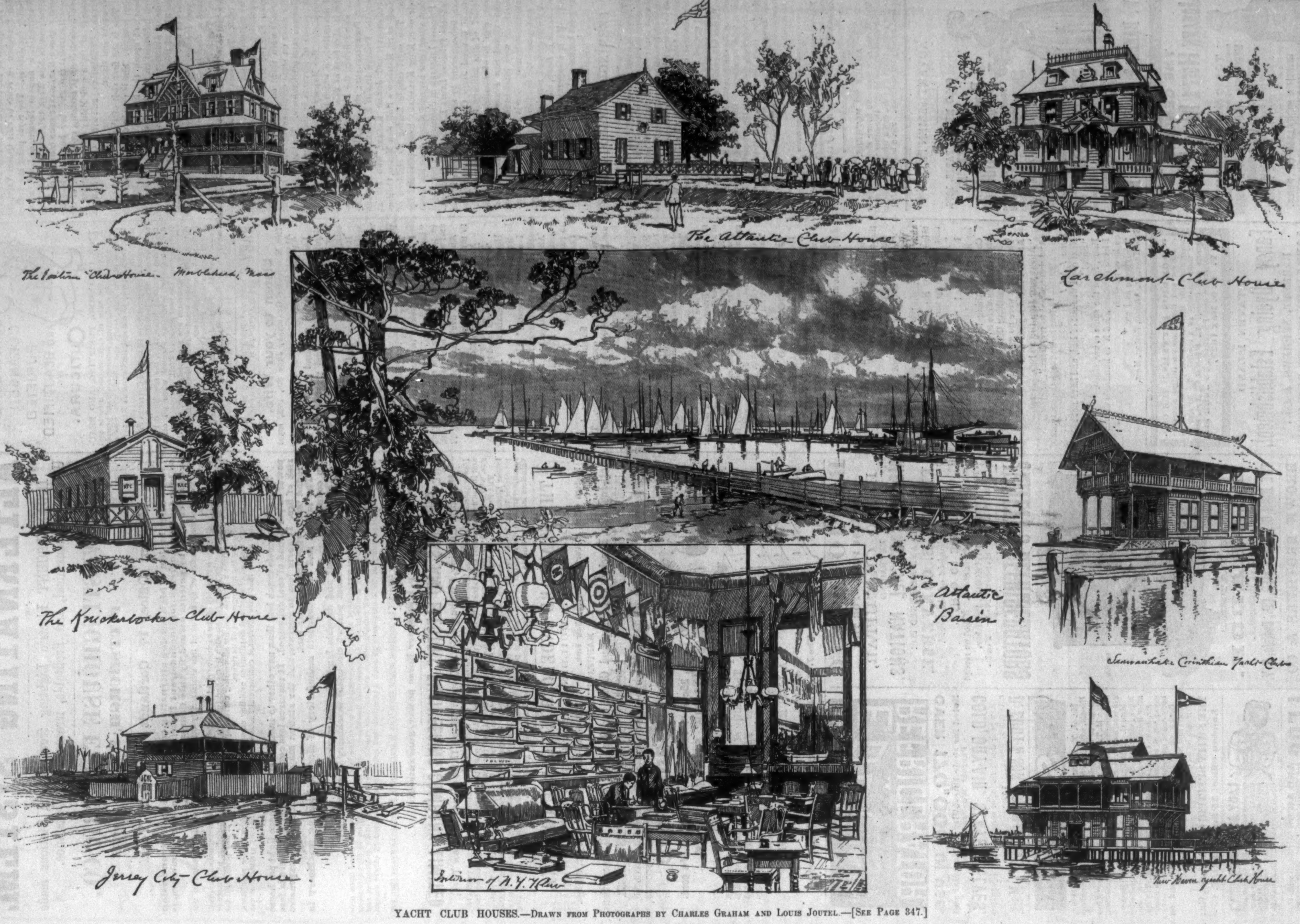
With a hurried excuse to his companions Hurlstone ran rapidly back, and reached the gate as it slowly rolled upon its hinges to a file of men that issued from the court-yard. The first object that met his eyes was the hat of Señor Perkins lying on the ground near the wall, with a terrible suggestion in its empty and vacant helplessness. A few paces further lay its late owner, with twenty Mexican bullets in his breast, his benevolent forehead bared meekly to the sky, as if even then mutely appealing to the higher judgment. He was dead! The soul of the Liberator of Quinquinambo, and of various other peoples more or less distressed and more or less ungrateful, was itself liberated!

With the death of Señor Perkins ended the crusade of the *Excelsior*. Under charge of Captain Bunker the vessel was sent to Mazatlan by the authorities, bearing the banished and proscribed Americans, Banks, Brace, Winslow, and Crosby; and, by permission of the Council, also their friends Markham and Brimmer, and Mrs. Brimmer, Miss Chubb, and Mrs. Markham. Hurlstone and Miss Keene alone were invited to remain, but on later representations the Council graciously included Richard Keene in the invitation, with the concession of the right to work the mines and control the ranchos he and Hurlstone had purchased from their proscribed countrymen. The complacency of the Council of Todos Santos may be accounted for when it is understood that on the day the firm of Hurlstone & Keene was really begun, under the title of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlstone, Richard had prevailed upon the Alcalde to allow him to add the piquante Doña Isabel also to the firm, under the title of Mrs. Keene. Although the port of Todos Santos was henceforth open to all commerce, the firm of Hurlstone & Keene long retained the monopoly of trade, and was a recognized power of intelligent civilization and honest progress on the Pacific coast. And none contributed more to that result than the clever and beautiful hostess of Excelsior Lodge, the charming country home of James Hurlstone, Esq., senior partner of the firm. Under the truly catholic shelter of its veranda Padre Esteban and the heretic stranger mingled harmoniously, and the dissensions of local and central government were forgotten. "I said that you were a *dama de grandeza*, you remember," said the youthful Mrs. Keene, "and, you see, you are!"

THE END.



"THE LOVERS SAT SILENTLY TOGETHER."


The Eastern Club House. Marblehead, Mass
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Larchmont-Club-House
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Atlantic Basin
Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht-Club
Jersey City-Club House
Interior of N.Y. Y.C.
New Haven Yacht Club House

YACHT CLUB HOUSES.—Drawn from Photographs by Charles Graham and Louis Joutel.—[See Page 347.]

THE QUEEN OF HAWAII AND THE HEIRESS-APPARENT.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands arrived in San Francisco, *en route* to visit Queen Victoria during the Jubilee. The royal party has visited Washington, is now in Boston, and will spend some time in New York before sailing for England. Queen Kapiolani's suite consists of Princess Liliuokalano and her husband, Lieutenant-General John O. Dominis, ex-Governor of the islands of Oahu and Maui; Colonel Curtis P. Jaukea, Chamberlain, and wife; Colonel Samuel Nowlein and sister.

This is the first visit of the Queen to any foreign country. She is very intelligent, though she does not speak the English language. She is well informed on the social and political institutions of America and Europe. She was born on the 31st of December, 1834, and is now fifty-two years of age. The government allows her $8000 a year income. She is a very estimable lady, and takes a deep interest in the welfare of her people. The Kapiolani Home for the children of sick and indigent Hawaiians was founded by her in 1885. The Queen at home adheres to the popular customs of the natives, which enhances her popularity. She wears the haulukau, a loose gown like the Mother Hubbard, which is universally worn there on account of the climate. Her dress on state occasions or visiting is rich; silks and satin predominate. The household with its retinue of servants is under the Queen's supervision. Her Majesty delights in the cuisine of the natives, of which poi is the principal dish. She is also fond of fish. Queen Kapiolani has one sister living, the Princess Virginia Kapooloku Poomaikelani; she has also three nephews, the Princes David Kawauanako, Edward Keluahonui, and Jonah Kelani, who are at school at St. Matthew's Hall, San Mateo, California. The royal couple having no children of their own, King Kalakaua has proclaimed his eldest sister (now his only sister since the death of Princess Likelike in January last), her Royal Highness Princess Lydia Kamekacha Liliuokalano, heir-apparent to the throne. She is the wife of General John O. Dominis, commander-in-chief of the military forces of the government, who is of English parentage. Princess Lydia visited San Francisco in 1879. She is considered very intellectual, and has composed some native hymns. She is accomplished in music, and speaks the English language fluently.

A distinguished member of the party is Colonel James H. Boyd, also a member of the King's staff. He is about thirty-two years of age, and has great business ability.

SEEMINGLY ERADICATED

With repeated and powerful doses of quinine, chills and fever, in some one of its various forms, springs into active existence again, often without the slightest apparent provocation. To extinguish the smouldering embers of this obstinate and recondite malady, no less than to subdue it when it rages fiercely in the system, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is all sufficient. When every resource of the pharmacopœia has been exhausted against it in vain, the Bitters conquer it—will remove every lingering vestige of it. Nay, more, the Bitters will protect those brought within the influence of the atmospheric poison that begets malarial disease, from its attacks. Disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, are among the complaints to be apprehended from the use of miasma-tainted water. These are both cured and prevented by the Bitters. Rheumatism, constipation, and renal complaints, yield to its action.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the Cuticura Remedies are infallible.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Listen to your Wife.

The Manchester Guardian, June 8th, 1883, says:
At one of the
"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting group."

It included one who had been a "Cotton-spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed ! ! !

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured), and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent 'Medicines?'"

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented ! !

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last.

Very gratefully yours, John Blackburn.

Manchester, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of

"Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my

Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—
However light,
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained ! ! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing ! ! !

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of One *! ! ! !*

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

"Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

Geo. Kendall, Allston, Boston, Mass.

"Boker's Bitters," the Oldest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

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DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

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The distribution of high tension alternating currents and their reconversion to low tension currents for incandescent lighting and running of motors, is broadly covered by patents owned by this Company.

The unauthorized offer of apparatus of this character by other companies is an infringement of our patent rights.

Notwithstanding the ownership of the exclusive right to furnish this system, The Westinghouse Electric Company proposes to sell its apparatus on such terms and for such low prices, that no intending purchaser or user can afford to entertain a proposition for alternating current apparatus from others at any price, with the attendant risk following the infringement of its rights.

This is the only method of electrical distribution avoiding complicated wiring, feeders, feeder regulators, and numerous other details that have prevented commercial success heretofore, and the only system that can displace gas.

This system costs much less than any other to install. It gives more light per horse power or per pound of coal consumed. It requires less copper for mains. There is less risk of fire. It costs less to operate, and the station may be located on inexpensive ground with reference to cheap fuel.

The largest and most complete manufactory of electric lighting machinery in the country.

The most efficient and durable lamps in the market.

Mechanically the most perfect electrical machinery ever produced.

The workmanship and materials of all apparatus supplied are of the best. The prices are based upon production in large quantities by means of special tools and machinery; and the elimination of all extraneous charges, such as commissions, stock considerations, and onerous conditions exacted by other companies, and which have placed many of their customers in such a position that improvements offered by others cannot be availed of.

No licensee is bound by contract to purchase longer from The Westinghouse Electric Company than the merits of its apparatus fully justifies.

Ten 50 volt, 16 c. p. lamps, per horse power, guaranteed.

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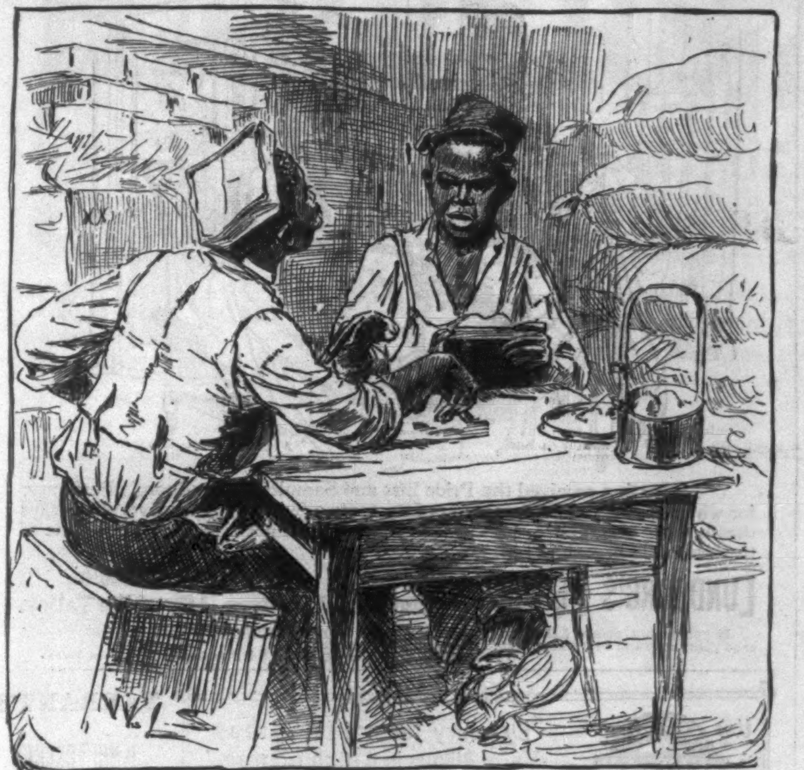

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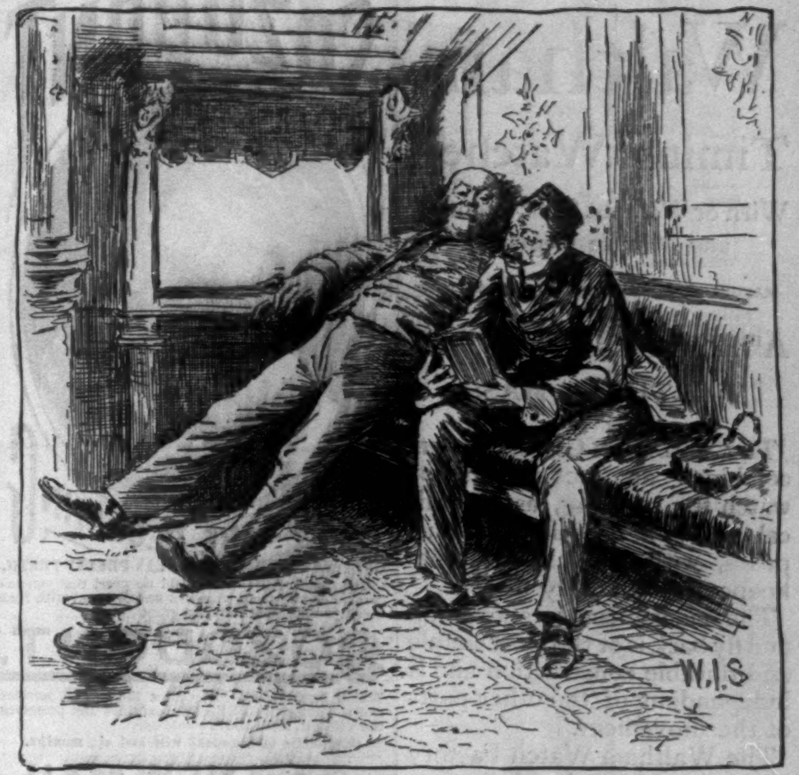

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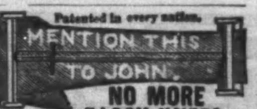
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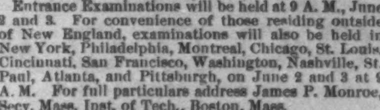

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